

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE GREAT CHANCE AT OTTAWA

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### NO NEWS FOR SIX MONTHS IN DARKEST AUSTRALIA

Two Fine Old Explorers Go  
Out Into the Bush

#### WHITE-HAIRED BUT READY

Two fine old Australians, Mr Larry Wells and Mr Rowland Poyntz, who are veteran bushmen, explorers, and surveyors, decided a few weeks ago that they could stand a life of retirement no longer.

Why should their time of usefulness be over just because they were white-haired?

So up they took some baggage and equipment, determined to do something useful for their country, and only too gladly left the comforts of civilisation behind them. An old friend, who had financed many previous expeditions, readily supported their scheme of prospecting the empty spaces of the interior of darkest Australia.

#### Ten Camels

Poyntz, who is a first-class camel man, collected about ten camels for carrying the supplies at Marree, and brought these to the meeting-place at Ooldea. Here the veteran pioneers, who have done important surveying work in Australia for 45 years, were joined a few weeks ago by two other experienced prospectors who had proved their worth during the Quest and Endeavour expeditions. With them came Pompy, a black boy who had travelled in the Bush before with the older men and had been chosen because of his splendid qualities.

It was our old friend Mrs Daisy Bates who sent us the news of the expedition. At the time she wrote the explorers were staying close to her native camp near Ooldea. "I cannot show these fine men any hospitality," she writes, "as I must keep the native law which forbids the entry of any white man within my breakwind."

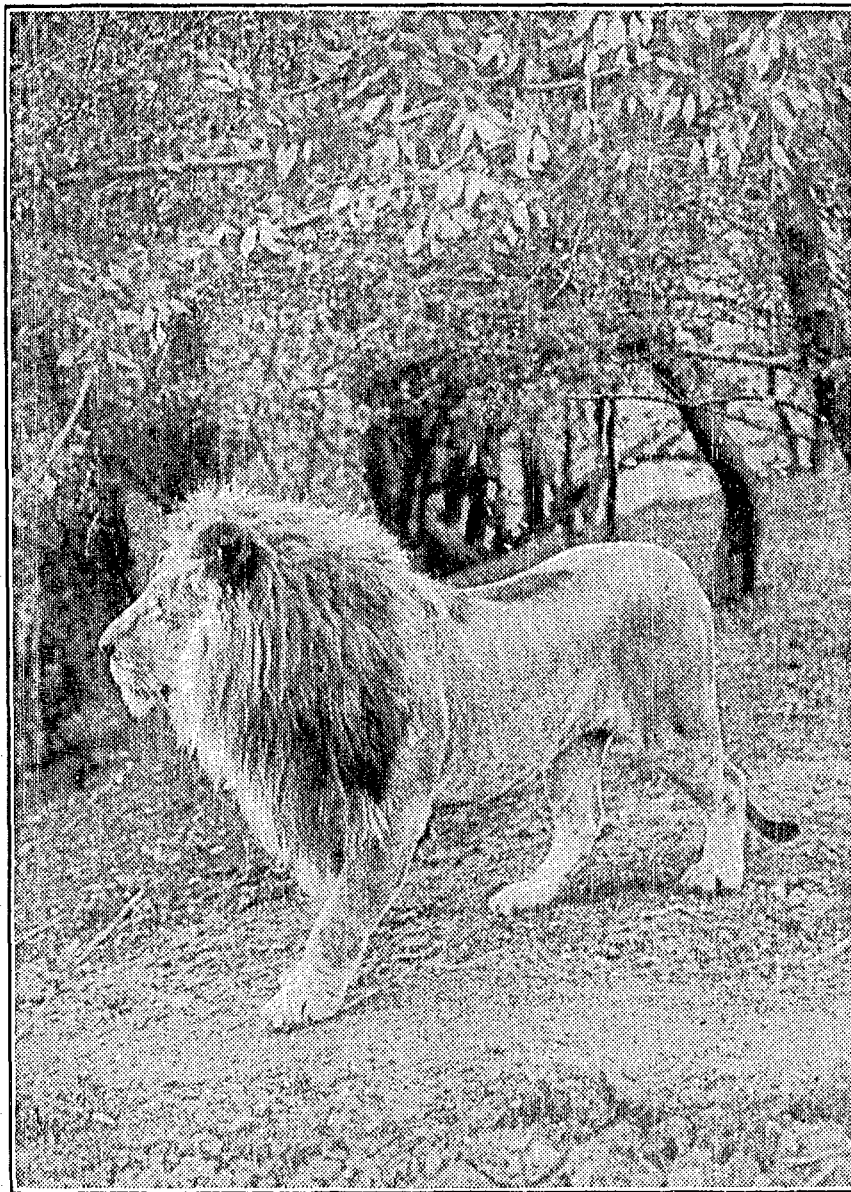
During the six months this little party will be away it is unlikely that any news will be heard of them. They are now travelling north-west across the continent, and are making for the permanent waters of Waldana and Gill's Soak. The exact position of other places, not yet certain, will be written on the map of Australia.

#### For the Sake of the Country

Some of the last words of Larry Wells were: "We will try hard to make this expedition a success for the sake of the country and the good citizens who are behind us." This old man once explored the East Murchison and discovered Lake Way, where there is a famous goldmine. He also led the Calvert expedition through the great sand desert to the north coast and took part in a three-years survey of 650 miles of the Queensland border.

Nobody knew better than these two old sportsmen what a rough life was in

### A Lion at Large



This photograph was taken within forty miles of London. It illustrates the freedom enjoyed by lions in their new enclosure at Whipsnade, where visitors may view them in perfect safety.

front of them, with months of hard work, hard travel, and a constant search for water. They were aware also of the dangers before them, the treachery of the groups of black men who were living in these areas.

Mrs Bates tells us that their lessening numbers increase their savagery, and cannibalism is frequent among the remnants of them, very few now, who are still roaming over the wide spaces of the so-called desert interior. The eyes of the men glisten as they talk of the mai, flour or vegetable food, which the waijela, or whitefellow, is taking with him on this expedition.

Food is so scarce in this region that the white traveller is always in danger of raids—or he may be speared from some safe vantage point. At any time the black men may start a fire in the spinifex, the chief plant growing in the Australian Bush, so that the camels stampede, enabling them to steal the provisions, for they are as hungry as wolves. But the two old men and their

companions are venturing into this dangerous area with courage and cheeriness that are typical of the British spirit of the pioneers who have gone before them. Although they do not expect to find the mountain of gold of which many wild tales have been told the work they are doing may have important results in opening up the interior and bringing prosperity to the Commonwealth.

#### EVER SO LONG AGO

Even a hundred years seems a long time, and a thousand years is almost as long as our history books tell of. Who can imagine 2,500,000 years?

Some bones as thick as a man's wrist have been found in a limestone cliff in New Zealand. The professor of geology at Auckland thinks that they belong to a whale that lived probably 2,500,000 years ago.

There was 15 feet of rock above the bones. How did they get there? Nobody knows.

### THE ORGAN OF THE HEROES

MUSIC FOR  
REMEMBRANCE

A Beautiful Idea in a Little  
Town of Tyrol

#### WHAT MAX DEPOLO DID

By Our League Correspondent

A small and ancient town in Tyrol has one of the most beautiful of all memorials to the sons and brothers and husbands who fell in the Great War. Every day that passes they are remembered in beautiful music.

This small town, Kufstein on the Inn, was a fortified centre when the Celts peopled these valleys before the Romans came. It is also a very unusual town because of a huge rock, 300 feet high, which stands up in its centre and has on its summit an ancient fortress with towers, granary, prison, and garrison quarters. Today it is still more unusual. Let a traveller describe what he found there.

#### Peeling Into the Blue

It is a perfect day, blue cloudless sky, green turbulent river, fair valley landscape framed in high mountains at once attractive and forbidding. It is noon. Suddenly, as if issuing from the rock itself, high overhead the solemn chords of a great organ peel out into the blue.

Not housed by walls but built into the natural setting of town and meadow, mountain and sky, this Organ of the Heroes, set in its rock tower, daily gives out its music in memory of the heroic sacrifices of the past and as an inspiration to the living.

No monument in stone or bronze; no memorial hall, no inscription on church walls, could bring so poignantly to memory those who gave their lives. Music moves the heart but can stir the courage as well.

#### Keyboard 300 Feet Below

The man who had this fine idea was Max Depolo, of Innsbruck, engineer, author, composer, and an officer in the war. There were many difficulties to be overcome before a great organ could be built in such a strange place.

Wide horizontal shutters let into the walls of the tower protect it from the weather and modulate the volume of the music. Of the 1835 pipes the largest ones are horizontal, the moderate and small ones vertical. Three hundred feet below, in the town, the organist sits in a small stone pavilion at his keyboard, while a cable with 224 veins connects his fingers with the instrument up aloft.

There is a recital each day at noon, with sometimes one in the evening; and the classical music is always followed by some well-known folk song, which brings perhaps a tear to the eyes of the old folk but a thrill of pleasure to all who love music and respond to its beauty.



## SELBORNE HILL SAVED GENEROUS GIFT TO THE NATIONAL TRUST

The Sad Case of the Beeches  
Growing Old

### THE GUARDIANS OF ADDISON'S WALK

Gilbert White, Vicar of Selborne in Hampshire, added a great classic to the English language.

At his beloved Selborne he had as a favourite walk a place called Long Lythe.

This spot is famous for about six acres of beech trees on ascending ground, and is visited by many who love the memory of the great naturalist.

Fortunately it happens that this place belonged to the authorities of the famous Magdalen College at Oxford, but most unfortunately it has happened that many of the trees are beginning to decay. They are therefore being cut down, and great indignation has been aroused locally, where the beeches are much admired and Gilbert White's Walk is much beloved.

### The Famous King Beech

The authorities of the college admit that, along with the unsound trees, some sound ones have been felled, and it is here that the C.N. thinks they were wrong. It is, of course, inevitable that trees grow old and decay and they must come down sometimes for safety's sake, but the college authorities have been cutting sound trees to pay expenses and to cover the cost of preserving Selborne Woods as a whole. They declared that the entire proceeds of the tree-felling on the eight acres concerned would only meet the expenses of preserving the 250 acres of Selborne woodlands.

We are glad to see that the Newbury Timber Company has been good enough to spare the famous King Beech, the oldest of them all and the first to come into leaf each year; and now that Magdalen College has so generously given Selborne Hill to the National Trust public anxiety will be allayed.

Magdalen College have in their keeping at Oxford the famous Addison Walk, which they would be sorely grieved to lose.

*It was incredible that the Guardians of Addison's Walk in Oxford would be the destroyers of Gilbert White's Walk in Selborne.*

## ANOTHER WONDER OF THE WORLD Colossal Statue of Jesus For Dublin

One of the wonders of the New World is the gigantic statue of Jesus in the Andes, a symbol of international concord between Chile and Argentina. Now the news comes that an immense statue of Jesus, which will be one of the most striking landmarks in the world, is to be erected on a site overlooking Kingstown Harbour, Dublin.

It is to cost £25,000, and all the money is being subscribed voluntarily. This great symbol of faith will tower a hundred feet above the harbour, and be floodlit at night so that it will be visible eight miles out at sea.

Grey granite has been chosen for the statue, and a 30-feet-high figure of Jesus will stand on a triangular column 70 feet high. It will not be finished for about two years, but a concrete miniature of the statue has been put up already on the site. Hundreds of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world will see it this month when they come to the great Roman Catholic Congress.

Mr Andrew O'Connor, an Irish-American, is the architect.

## A HEART-BROKEN LAD The Tragic Percevals ONE MORE PITIFUL BLOW OF FATE

It might seem a fine thing to bear the title of Earl of Egmont and inherit in Avon Castle the home of ten generations of ancestors.

But when we scan the story of the last two Earls of Egmont we see only that life has dealt hardly with them.

When the ninth Earl of Egmont died his successor had to be sought in a distant kinsman, a Perceval who, without much money or prospects, left England years ago to seek both on a ranch in Canada. He came home reluctantly, and his son was even more sorry to leave the untrammelled open-air life with horses and cattle.

When the two arrived in England they established themselves in Avon Castle at Ringwood in Hampshire, and led there very much the same sort of life that had been theirs on the ranch.

### Alone in the World

Hampshire was not Canada, but they made the best of it, cooked their own meals, washed up, and kept no servants but the gardeners.

They were quite happy, and the chief change in the life of either seems to have been motoring.

Then Fate struck another blow. The rancher Earl of Egmont was killed in a motoring accident. His seventeen-year-old son came home to learn that he was alone in the world. His beloved father, his companion, his teacher, his chum, was gone.

Is there anything more pathetic than the thought of this heart-broken lad, solitary and alone in the midst of an estate which means nothing to him, and invested with a title which means, if it were possible, less than nothing.

The Percevals have had more than one tragic episode in their family history. One of them, Spencer Perceval, was murdered in the House of Commons when Prime Minister of England. But no story is more tragic than this of the latest of them.

## THE NEW LIFE GUARD Peter Garvie's Dream

The other day a small boy's shout brought the Prince of Wales to a halt.

The Prince was inspecting the Belgrave Hospital for Children, Kennington, and was passing the door of a side ward when a little boy hailed him.

The Prince went in, and Peter Garvie, who is five, said to him solemnly "I want to be a Life Guard."

Then a blushing official explained. A few hours earlier Peter had to have some stitches removed from a wound. Tears of pain welled into his eyes, and a nurse said hastily "Life Guards don't cry." Then, seeing that she had succeeded in making him think of something else, she went on: "Perhaps if you are very brave the Prince of Wales will make you one of his Life Guards."

Very brave Peter was. And when he heard the Prince going by he shouted loudly "I want to be a Life Guard!"

When the Prince heard all this he said "You shall be a Life Guard when you grow up."

But afterwards he thought that it was rather hard for Peter to wait fifteen years for the reward of his bravery, so the other day a parcel came for Peter Garvie. It held a complete Life Guard's uniform to fit a boy of five, and with it was a card inscribed "From the Prince of Wales."

When we last heard of Peter he was well enough to go home but not to get up, and he was wearing the scarlet coat and silver helmet in bed.

## A SAILING FLEET TODAY Why They Can Hold Their Own

Who says the days of sail are over? A fleet of twenty sailing ships is bringing Australian grain to Europe again.

Most of them are Finnish; of the rest two are Swedish and one is German. The masters are mostly men of about 30, and nearly every ship carries apprentices.

How is it that the old slow-coach of a sailing ship, making only one round voyage a year, can still hold her own?

The answer is that she is economical. She does not have to put into port for coal or oil, and the wind costs nothing. Her crew of young men only get about ten shillings a month, while the master receives about £12. Apprentices pay £40 for the privilege of making the voyage, that most famous of all voyages, round Cape Horn, and on the four-masted barque Viking there sails this year a woman who has signed a two-years apprenticeship. She is the daughter of a Finnish doctor.

### First to Reach England

Nearly all the ships are uninsured; and only three or four are in the first class. These things we learn from A. J. Villiers of the Parma, one of a crew of 31 men.

He has written to The Times, and his story makes strange reading beside letters concerning the number of deaths on the road. The perils of the sea seem to be less than the dangers of the land today.

The first of the sailing fleet to reach England was the Swedish barque Abraham Rydberg. This four-masted vessel left Wallaroo on January 14, and after 124 days at sea she came into the Thames with her cargo of 3400 tons of wheat.

Many of the sailing ships left Australia much earlier than the Abraham Rydberg, but the master of this sturdy ship decided to depart from the usual route by way of Cape Horn. He took the risk of finding favourable winds and came round the Cape of Good Hope. Fortune favoured him, and although no record run was made he reached England ahead of his rivals.

One vessel arrived at Queenstown about the same time as the Abraham Rydberg came into the Thames. This was the Finnish barque Winterlude, but she had left Port Pirie about three weeks before the Swedish ship had set out.

*Pictures on page 7*

## GERMANY'S EYES ON FRANCE

### Looking For Signs of Peace

From a Travelling Correspondent

From reading the papers one has the idea that Germany and France are both very busy keeping their eyes on each other, looking for trouble.

In Germany it is pleasant to find that there are also Germans who are watching their neighbour for signs of concord and understanding. Elsa Langner, the playwright, recently spent some time in France studying the theatre. On her return to Berlin she reported her impressions before a meeting of professional women.

"The thing that means more than anything else to us (she said) is the constant expression of the will to peace which one finds among French audiences. Plays and films showing the truth about war are shown without hindrance, and at a cinema where some large new tanks were shown in the news-reel the audience hissed."

The expression of every woman in the room changed as the speaker said this. It was the first good thing they had heard about France for a long time, and they were all eager to believe it a true evidence of the disposition of the plain people of the country whose military strength they dread.

## THE SHIP LIFT Speeding-Up on a German Waterway RAISING BIG VESSELS MORE THAN A HUNDRED FEET

No large building is complete without a lift, and a lift can sometimes be useful on a river.

Near Berlin is an important waterway which for many years has had a sort of staircase—a series of locks—to take ships to a higher level. Now a lift is to do the work, and ships of a thousand tons will be raised 110 feet in twenty minutes, against eight to ten hours by the old method.

At Niederflienow the Hohenzollern Canal meets the River Oder, but there is a difference of 110 feet in the levels of the two streams, and to pass from one to the other it is necessary for ships to negotiate four locks. As much as three million tons of shipping a year has used the important waterway thus made between Berlin and Stettin, and serious delays often occur at the locks.

### How It Works

The great new lift which is to speed up traffic is a trough nearly 300 feet long and 45 feet wide. This will be filled with water, and a ship will pass into it from the river. Watertight doors will close and the trough, which is suspended from 256 thick steel cables, will be raised to the higher level, nearly two hundred 22-ton counterweights helping four 75 horse-power motors to lift the enormous weight. At the top of the huge metal lift shaft is a watertight bridge which joins up with the canal, and across this bridge the ship will pass.

For six years the work of construction has been in hand, and now the new lift is nearly ready for use. The idea of taking ships from one level to another by lift is not new, but probably this German feat is the most ambitious that has been so far attempted.

## A GREAT SHIP GOES DOWN

Twenty years after the tragedy of the Titanic, the pride of our passenger ships, was lost on its first voyage another great ship has perished on her maiden journey.

She was the Georges Philippart, a French liner of 17,000 tons with every up-to-date device for the comfort and safety of her passengers.

Owing to fire the ship had to be hastily abandoned. Fortunately two British ships and a Russian tanker were not far away and saved nearly 700 of the passengers and crew. Captain Vicq, following the tradition of the sea, was the last to leave. The disaster occurred at the mouth of the Gulf of Aden, and it was not many hours before the survivors were landed at Aden and Jibuti in French Somaliland.

All the world will sympathise with France in this great tragedy that has befallen her.

## THINGS SAID

Too much trash is printed.

Lord Crawford

Your conversation is an index to your mind.

Scout Thought for the Week

My post-bag convinces me that nobody loves me.

Chancellor of the Exchequer

I feel that good will somehow take care of itself in the long run.

Professor Kittredge

No fewer than 137 newspapers have ceased publication in the last few years.

Sir Emsley Carr

You may starve, you may be shot, you may be poisoned; but you will not be bored.

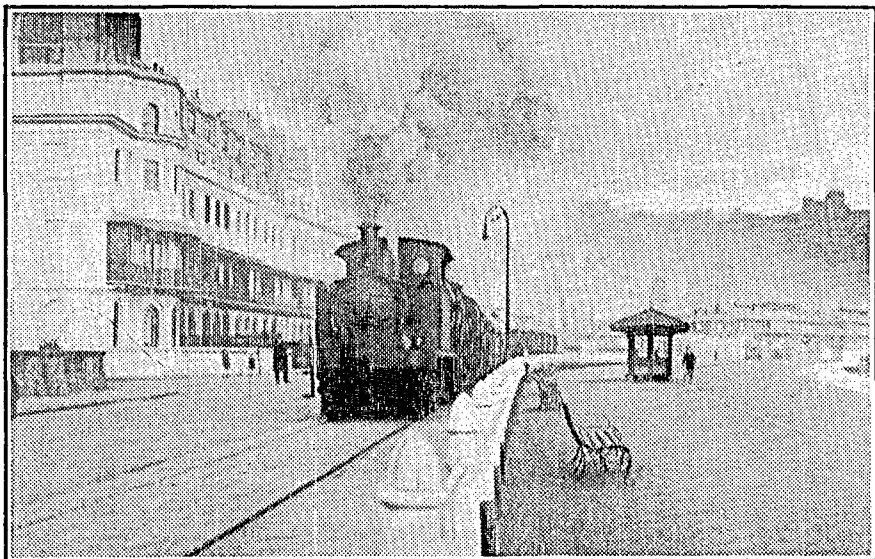
Mr H. G. Wells on the future

We do not want to see the 19th Psalm rewritten *The heavens declare the glory of beer.*

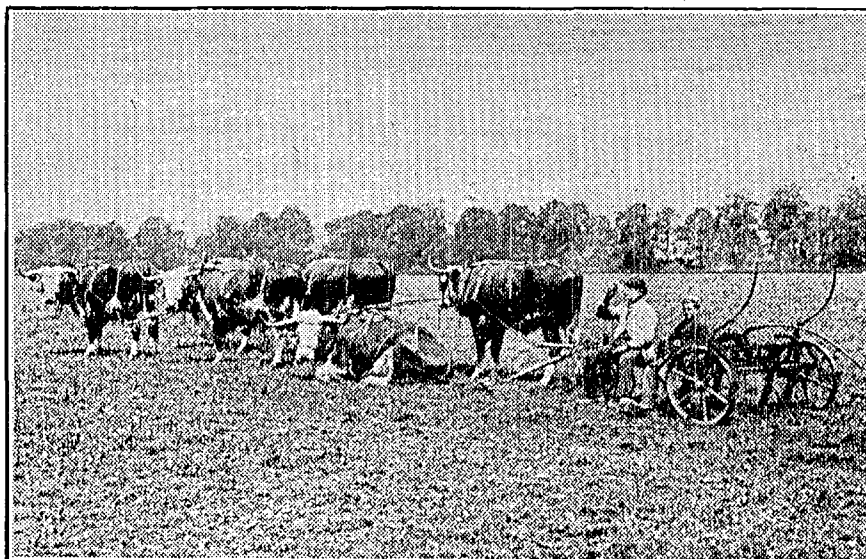
Dean of Westminster on Skywriting



# TRAIN ON SEA-FRONT · WORKING OXEN · THE KUDU HORN



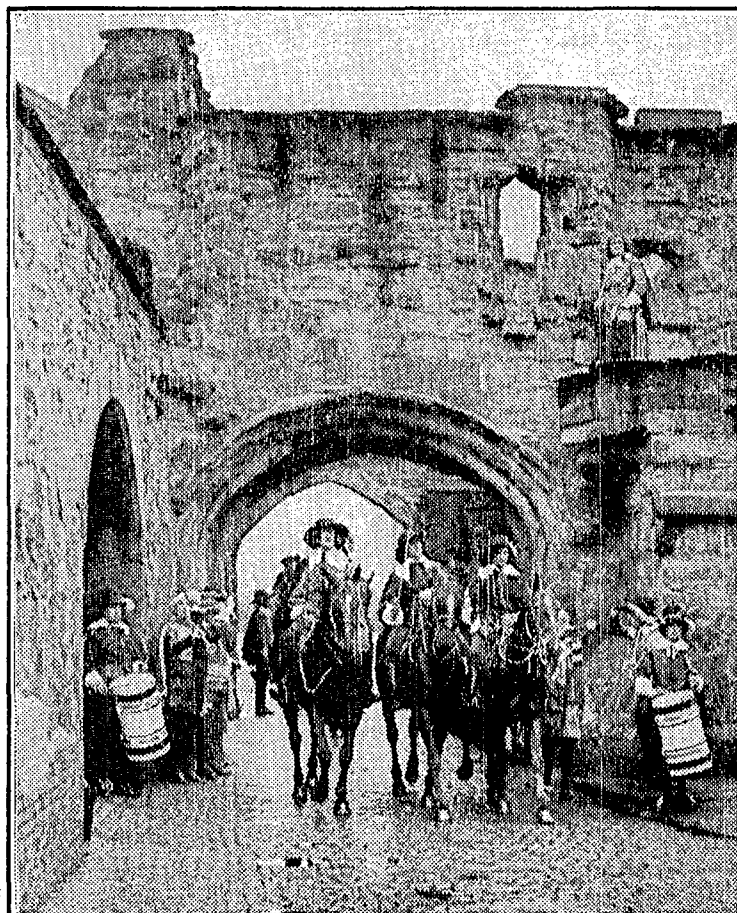
**Sea-Front Train**—The Southern Railway has a line along the sea-front at Dover, and local residents have protested against the company's proposal to run coal trains along it.



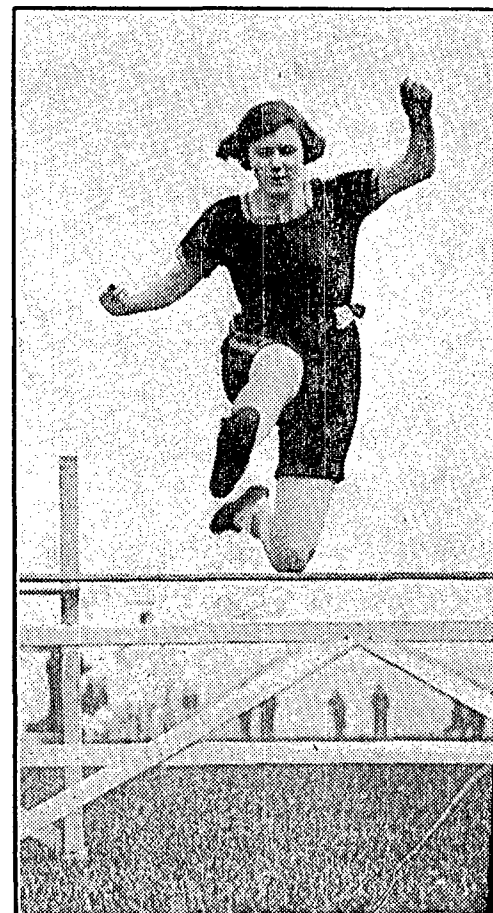
**The Midday Rest**—A team of oxen works on the Duke of Bathurst's estate, Cirencester Park in Gloucestershire. They are seen resting while the farmer and his boy have their lunch.



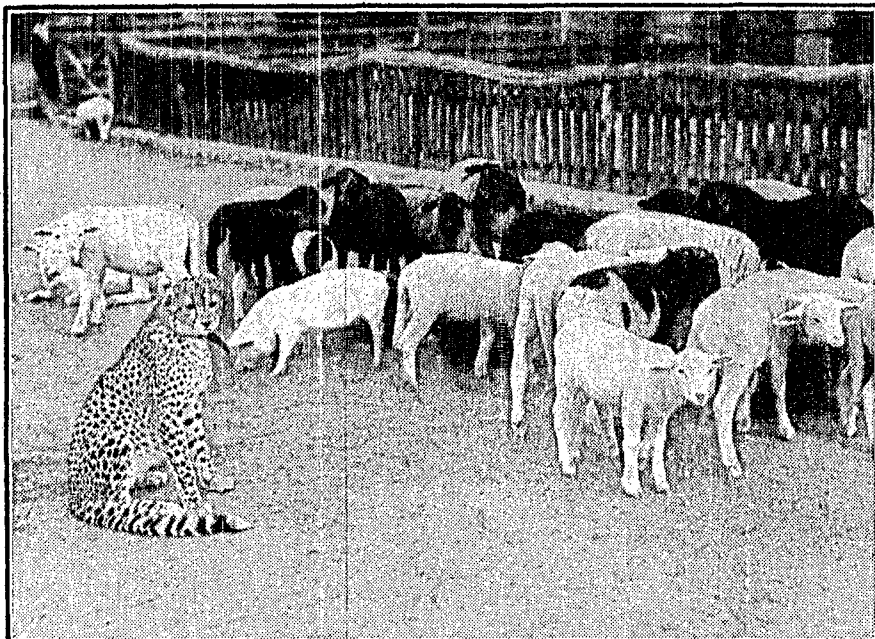
**The Toxophilite**—Here is one of the competitors in a contest held by the Society of Essex Archers.



**Leicester's History**—One of the incidents in Leicester's historical pageant was the entrance of Prince Rupert's troops into the castle grounds, as shown here.



**The Athlete**—This girl athlete is practising in Victoria Park, London, for a hurdle race.



**The Visitor**—Here is a curiously-mixed group photographed the other day in the Berlin Zoo. The sheep and the pig do not seem to have been at all alarmed by the presence in their enclosure of a ferocious-looking cheetah. Despite its looks the cheetah is really quite tame.



**The Kudu Horn**—A little crowd of Scouts gathered round one of their number who tried to blow the kudu horn at the West Country Jamboree held at Corston in Somerset. This horn of an African antelope is used by the Chief Scout when opening big Scout functions



## WHO IS WORSE OFF?

### Let Us Help

#### SPLENDID INITIATIVE OF BERLIN BOYS

From a Travelling Correspondent

The unemployed boys of Berlin receive eight marks a week from the public funds.

They receive this in order to live. A place to sleep in costs five marks, so the living must be bare indeed on the remaining three marks.

Thirty boys have clubbed together and found a way out of this difficulty. They looked about to find someone worse off than themselves, and offered their help. Crippled children and men without arms, they decided, could use their services, so they applied to the big institution for cripples, the Oskar-Helene Heim, on Kronprinzen-Allee, for permission to do their gardening.

Well-kept gardens would mean more fresh vegetables, salads, and strawberries for the home: better meals at less expense; so the offer was accepted, and a park-keeper's lodge was turned over to the boys for their lodging. By careful management and buying in large quantities the five marks that would have to go for a bed in town are made to cover the cost of food, fuel, light, and laundry, so that the boys now have their three marks left over for clothes and pocket-money.

#### Work and Recreation

The group makes its own rules and regulations. The working day is six hours long. They get up at six and have gymnastics and a shower before breakfast. They finish work by three o'clock in the afternoon so that there is time for reading or games, and in the evening they have meetings and talks.

A club called Zugsharen, which was founded by young people from 18 to 21 years old and has for its motto Youth for Youth, helped this group of boys from North Berlin to arrange with the authorities to do this work, and sends one of its members out to the Cripples Home to give advice to the voluntary gardeners on knotty points.

The young gardeners are much happier in their new occupation than they were roaming the streets.

## WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS AT ONCE

### Failure of the Gold System

Unemployment is up again.

The rise is mainly due to coal.

The number of unemployed miners rose by 63,000, a cruel fact due to the limitation of coal imports by Continental nations. On April 30 only 823,700 British miners were at work.

For the most part, the increased unemployment has been in the North of England and in the Midlands.

Our trade returns for April show some improvement in exports and a big drop in imports due to the new tariff.

The imports fell by £16,723,000 as compared with April of last year. British exports, on the other hand, rose by £2,299,000.

Every country in the world is now engaged in the miserable process of hurting every other country. Thus the world's ships, railways, and factories are put out of action and trouble deepens.

We have already given our readers the secret of the crisis. It is that the world's monetary system has broken down. The working of the old gold standard has been destroyed by the war and its consequences. The demands of America and France for gold have at once crushed the world and brought disaster on the authors of the trouble.

What the world needs is the instant summoning of a World Monetary Conference. About half the world is now off the gold standard, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether the world as a whole will ever return to a system which has failed us.

## Pull Down the Empire's Walls

### THE GREAT CHANCE AT OTTAWA

#### Will the Dominions Throw Open Their Gates to the Motherland?

#### THE WAY TO PROSPERITY THAT LIES BEFORE US

THE Ottawa Conference opens next month. Soon the Dominion of Canada, so wide in area and so small in population, will be host to representatives of every part of the British Empire, gathered together to promote the trade and welfare of one quarter of the world. What a chance is here to make history!

The Empire has the opportunity to set a great example to mankind.

*Why should it not Pull Down the Tariff Walls which limit free exchange within the Empire?*

#### The Freest Trade Possible

Until lately this country pursued a completely Free Trade policy. We kept no army of Customs officials to levy taxes on imported goods, whether from foreign countries or British possessions. Too often this is forgotten. We set up no barrier to keep out the productions of the British Empire.

And even now, when we have reversed our policy and set up trade barriers, we have exempted Imperial goods until November 15.

We have therefore performed our part in advance.

*So far as Great Britain is concerned, Free Trade within the Empire now exists.*

If a Canadian manufacturer sends us, as he actually does, agricultural implements, we levy no tax. If Australia sends us wool, we levy no tax. If South Africa sends us ostrich feathers or fruit, we levy no tax. If Australia or New Zealand sends us lamb or butter, we levy no tax.

#### A Fair Bargain

It now only remains for the Dominions to treat us as well as we treat the Dominions, and Imperial Free Trade becomes an accomplished fact.

The Dominion representatives well know that the Motherland is their best market for many products. Here they can come freely with their wares and find an assured market. They will wish to do themselves justice by complete reciprocity. They have only to open their doors to British products, as we have opened our doors, to arrive at what would be not only a fair bargain, but an arrangement of the greatest advantage to both parties.

#### Big Populations and Little

Indeed, when we look at the small white populations of the British Dominions and contrast them with the teeming population of the Mother Country we understand that what we give the Dominions is a great free market, while all that the Dominions can offer us is a small free market. Let us illustrate this by comparing our population with that of the daughter States of the Empire.

Home	..	..	..	..	46,000,000
Canada	..	..	..	..	10,000,000
Newfoundland	..	..	..	..	300,000
South Africa	..	..	..	..	1,800,000
Australia	..	..	..	..	6,500,000
New Zealand	..	..	..	..	1,500,000
Total					20,100,000

We see clearly that while Australia has the chance to sell her produce free of taxation to 46 million people all she can do is to reciprocate by admitting British goods untaxed to a market of only 6,500,000.

At the Ottawa Conference the Dominions will make, no doubt, an end of unreal preferential tariffs which are really protective against British goods.

Especially the Dominions will recognise that we cannot in justice to our

hardworking people exclude foreign trade, for this, after all, is the biggest part of our commerce.

Argentina, for example, bought last year £15,000,000 of British goods and in a year of good trade buys £30,000,000 worth. We cannot afford to go without this trade. Moreover, we obtain good beef and wool from Argentina, and £500,000,000 of British capital has been sunk in Argentine railways and other undertakings which help us to get Argentine products. It is the simple truth that Argentina owes us large sums every year in interest and profit on British capital which she can only pay in goods. No British Dominion, therefore, would expect us to strike at our own payments and so help to perpetuate the world depression which was originally caused by America and France pursuing just such a policy.

#### The Empire Family

The British Empire is like a family the members of which naturally trade with each other. How foolish would that family be if the members bound each other not to have dealings with anyone outside the family. The only result would be to make the family poor.

We note that at Ottawa Mr King, Opposition leader in the Canadian House of Commons, pointed out that if Canada was to survive she must have more people. A very wise thing to say. Canada has 3,729,000 square miles of territory, but only ten million people. She is mostly empty country. The same population question arises in connection with Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. The Ottawa Conference may be expected, therefore, to deal with the question of migration. With such small populations the Dominions are under-developed, and they set up vast enterprises which cannot flourish for lack of customers.

#### Prices Will Rise

It is the more necessary for the Dominions to promote freedom of trade because high protection is a most serious thing for a small country. The first interest of such a country as Australia is that of the men who produce meat, wool, skins, fruit, and so on. If high protection is given to a few producers of articles required by these primary producers it strikes at the country's chief source of wealth. For this reason, also, as well as for the general good of the Empire, the pulling down of tariff walls is urgently necessary.

The Conference will clearly keep in mind, we may hope, the fact that the present low prices of food and materials should not mislead it. Nothing is more certain than that prices will rise, and any policy which is developed must have regard to that fact. It would not be fair, for example, to place a tax on foreign meat, and so to hit the British poor, on the excuse that the price of meat is now low. If the strength and energy of our people are to be maintained they must have an abundant supply of untaxed food.

#### Subjects For Discussion

The Ottawa Conference, we may be assured, will discuss much more than taxes, for we cannot tax an empire into prosperity. We want a good plan of organisation for the Empire, covering all such subjects as economic development, population and settlement, use of capital, and supplies of food and materials. By pulling down the tariff walls and discussing such great subjects as these the Conference can make 1932 the starting-point of a new Imperial prosperity.

## FIRST OF A MILLION

### Girl Guide Number One

#### AND HER EIGHT BROTHERS

A million Girl Guides belonging to no fewer than 42 nations have been celebrating their 21st birthday.

But they are really much older than 21, for the first Girl Guide was Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, who, though she is still a great camper and often sleeps out of doors, would be the first to admit to being more than 21.

She was an only girl with eight brothers, one of whom is now Lord Baden-Powell, familiarly B.-P., Chief Scout of All the World. As children, they were taken to a different place in the country every summer, for their mother wanted them to learn all about trees and stones, birds and butterflies.

#### Summer Days in the Open

One summer they spent as foresters, living on the edge of Sherwood Forest, riding their ponies and cutting branches from the trees to make their bows and arrows. Another summer they were fishermen. They built their own huts and fished for their dinner. Their mother encouraged them to make collections of everything, from fossils to flowers, and she was particularly keen on making them want to help other people and teach them, also, to love outdoor things.

All this helped instead of hindering their lessons. When B.-P. went in for his Army examination he passed second out of 700 young men, and in all his other examinations he was first. His sister can speak six languages, and today her hobby is carpentry. She mends the things at home and makes garden furniture and bird-boxes.

#### Making Life Interesting

From one of her brothers, a pioneer in the wilds of Australia, she learned many of the things taught to the Guides today, such as judging the width of a river and the height of a tree, so that when cut down it shall make a bridge across the river. In her opinion it makes life a thousand times more interesting to know these odd things.

Every creature has a fascination for Miss Baden-Powell. She even shows children how to tame spiders. One spider would come from under her chest of drawers every day at the same time and drink a drop of water she let fall on the carpet. Then it would disappear till the next day.

She is the first Girl Guide, and is the best example of what it means to be a Guide; but it seems that this wonderful idea goes farther back still than her own days, to the training a mother planned for her family of nine nearly a hundred years ago.

## OLD NEWS FROM SUSSEX

### Our Better Weather

The English climate is not what it was. It is much better. People may grumble at our wet summers, but they cannot get away from facts. *British summers were once wetter.*

At Thunderbarrow Hill, Southwick, in Sussex, excavators have found the remains of an early village with two furnaces for drying corn.

The farmers who used them lived in the days of the first Roman overlords. In those times English summers were so wet that it was quite common to dry the harvest in a furnace.

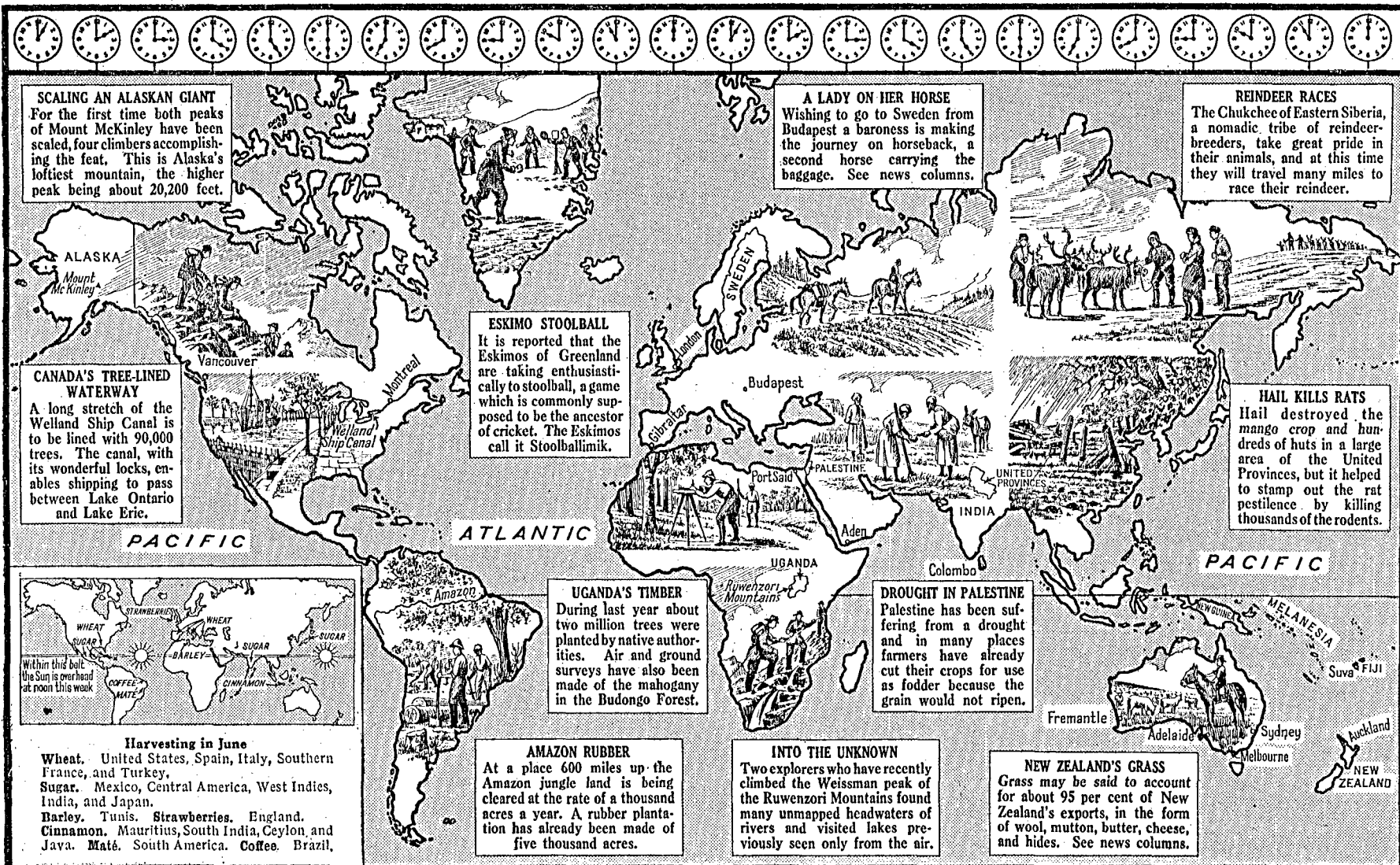
Nevertheless it is rare to find such furnaces, and we believe this is the first time any have been found in Sussex.

Now that the great forests have been cut down and the marshes turned into pastures the English climate is certainly drier than it used to be.

In the last two years there have been more than 2000 cases of kidnapping in the United States.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A LADY ON HER HORSE How the Baroness Goes to Sweden

Baroness Linde Klinkowström has left Budapest for Sweden.

But scores of people leave Budapest for Sweden every year. The remarkable thing about this journey is simply that the baroness is not going by aeroplane, train, or car. She is going to ride on a horse. What was once the most ordinary means of travel is now the most unusual.

Already the baroness has covered 9000 miles on Castor, her favourite horse, who is 13 years old. Behind them jogs another horse, carrying the baggage. The three may not travel as fast as those who trust to petrol and steam, but they see far more of the countryfolk and customs of the lands they pass through, and have many more adventures. They do not hurry, because they enjoy the journey as much as the arrival.

Really, is there any reason why people should think Linde Klinkowström odd for preferring this way of getting about?

Nevertheless they do. It is strange to think that trains are only a hundred years old and cars and aeroplanes not much more than thirty, yet men behave as though the only possible way of getting about was by railway-train, motor-car, or aeroplane.

The oldest and most natural way of setting out on a long journey was on horseback. Yet now, when anyone does it, journalists run for their cameras and notebooks to make notes of an extraordinary event.

We wish Castor and Company a good journey. *See World Map*

Nightingales are singing all day long in the woods of Majorca.

A crab with a claw of 11 feet has been captured in Sagami Bay in Japan.

Visitors to many London parks can now get quick meals on the cafeteria system, everyone waiting on himself.

## SIX SOUTHERN CROSSES Voyages in the Pacific

Look on the C.N. picture map and you will find that there are many tropical islands stretching between New Guinea and Fiji.

Until the missionaries went to the islands of Melanesia the dark-skinned people of the islands were savages; now they are much happier and peaceful.

The Melanesian Mission has always owned a ship which has made voyages to and fro and provided a link between the near-by Dominion of New Zealand, the headquarters of the mission, and the missionaries scattered throughout the islands of Melanesia.

Since 1855 the Mission has been served by five different ships called the Southern Cross, a very good name for a missionary ship, for she carried the message of Christianity to the savage people of the South Seas.

The fifth mission ship to be called the Southern Cross has just made her last voyage. She is to be replaced by a smaller ship, Southern Cross the Sixth, which will be stationed in the islands and will not visit Auckland.

## AN ALL-RED WORLD TOUR

We can travel round the world by steamer and train without touching at foreign lands.

Here is the voyage of one Englishman who has just travelled by an All-red route eastward from London until he came back to London, having encircled the globe.

Setting out for Australia by steamer, he landed at the British ports of Gibraltar, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. Then he travelled on by steamer to Auckland in New Zealand, and on again to Suva in Fiji, and then north-east across the Pacific to Vancouver. Travelling by train across Canada, he reached Montreal and took another steamer for England.

Follow his travels on the picture map.

## ONE-WAY ROADS An Idea Worth Thinking Over

Mr Benson Wall, a railway engineer, makes a novel suggestion for securing safety on the roads. Why not make it physically impossible for drivers to become involved in accidents at all?

The suggestion is that we should divide roads lengthwise by a substantial kerb, so that drivers would be compelled to do what they ought to do now. All head-on collisions would be avoided, while the hunted pedestrian would have a half-way refuge everywhere.

The centre kerb should be not less than three feet wide and six inches high. Main roads should have a minimum width of 16 feet each side of the kerb.

The problem of cross road-traffic could be solved by an under or over bridge, or by a block system. The bridge system would only involve at a cross-road a stretch of 500 feet or so of new road and a bridge. Level-crossings could be used in some places, with proper precautions.

Those who think such suggestions not worth consideration on the score of expense should reflect that several hundreds of thousands of accidents occur every year and about 20 deaths every day.

What would be said if there were only half this number of accidents on our railways?

## FOUR TALKS ALONG ONE WIRE

To speed up communication between the 2500 goods and passenger stations on the L.M.S. Railway the company has adopted an improved telephonic system, including the use of superimposed carrier wave circuits. This enables four conversations to be carried on together along one line.

More than a thousand miles of telephone lines are to be brought into the scheme.

## CELLULOID AGAIN Fire in a Woman's Handbag THE GROWING PERIL TO LIFE

We hope our Home Secretary, Sir Herbert Samuel, whose speeches always stir our feelings with their great humanity, has noted that once more in the last few weeks a fire has been caused by celluloid in a London cinema.

It was not this time the dangerous celluloid film, but a celluloid cigarette case which burst into flames in a woman's handbag. The carpet caught fire immediately, and the report we saw of the incident declared that a ten-foot spiral flame leaped up among the audience.

There was happily no panic, and an almost incredible fact of the situation is that a ten-shilling-note was found intact in the bag. If every celluloid fire were as harmless as this the celluloid peril would be less urgent; but the pitiful truth is that many little children have been burned to death by playing with celluloid toys, and mothers by wearing celluloid combs; and people of every kind have perished in cinemas set on fire by celluloid.

We are supposed to have a National Government, and we may well expect from it a national act that will put a stop to all these wicked things.

## A WOMAN FLIES THE ATLANTIC

The Atlantic has been flown by a woman, who has made the fastest crossing from America to Europe.

Miss Amelia Earhart, who flew from Harbour Grace in Newfoundland, landed thirteen and a half hours later near Londonderry in Ireland. She is the third person to make a flight alone across the Atlantic. Five years ago Colonel Lindbergh made the first crossing alone, and last year Bert Hinkler flew from South America to Africa. Miss Earhart flew as a passenger across the Atlantic in 1928.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 4 1932

## Gold Fails the World

THE breakdown of the Gold Standard as the basis of the world's money is now complete.

Nations are being driven to astonishing expedients by circumstances which ought never to have arisen.

We do not know how many of the public men understand it all, but our boys and girls know the story well. America and France, demanding enormous payments of war debts and war reparations, refused to receive payments by the only means available—in goods. In effect they demanded gold, and gold they received until gold broke down.

The amount of gold in the world is so limited that America and France came to possess the greater part of it. And all they did with it was to put it into their Treasuries.

Never before was such large-scale folly known in the domain of money. It was as though two nations had determined to ruin the world's money system. That, of course, was not their aim. They thought to enrich themselves and to strengthen their position. What they actually did was to create universal distress.

Today America has more gold than any other country in the world, and more destitution and disorder than any other country. Possessing glorious fertile areas, the greatest cotton fields in the world, the finest known supplies of iron ore, the richest copper mines, the most splendid lead mines, the most magnificent supplies of hard and soft coal, mineral oil in such abundance as no other country knows, natural gas in plenty and wonderful water-power, this gifted country, which ought to be leading the world in prosperity, has eight millions of unemployed.

That is only part of the story. The rest is that, quite apart from the madness of America and France, the world as a whole must free itself from the gold illusion.

The reason is plain. The world, if it is to progress, must produce more food, more materials, more manufactures. Yet the supply of gold is strictly limited. If, therefore, gold remained the standard of value it would continually rise in price. It is obvious, therefore, that gold cannot remain a standard of value and that a fresh standard must be sought in production.

A World Money Conference could frame a Production Standard which, scientifically related to the world's output, would give us steady prices because money would be related to goods.

That would mean an end of money crises, and it would also mean a great leap forward in world prosperity, which would no longer be conditioned by limited supplies of gold and by stupid tricks played with that supply.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Nation of All Nations

THERE were no fewer than 12,000 people murdered in the United States last year.

The figures seem too bad to be believed, and are all the more remarkable because the American population is drawn from all countries. Special factors must be at work when people from countries where life is respected combine to form a new nation where life is not respected.

That is a most serious point for the attention of those who are concerned with American civilisation.

## The Patch on the Phiz

FASHION has often been carried to absurdities. Now girls paint their lips and patch their noses; in the old days they carried about patch boxes and now and again added from them a black patch to their faces.

A French traveller who lived when this custom was all the rage wrote from England saying:

In England young, old, handsome, ugly: all are be-patched till they are Bedrid. I have often counted fifteen Patches on a single Phiz.

The tiny black ugly spots were made in all shapes—of suns, moons, stars, and even tiny coaches and horses.

Wigs tied behind the head in tails, or powdered hair raised high; enormous hoops worn inside skirts, bustles, mutton-chop whiskers, plucked eyebrows, all have had their day; but Patches was one of the strangest fashions of all.

What next, we wonder? Faces as God made them, we hope.

## Aunt Sally and Miss Mitford

THERE is no limit to Aunt Sally.

One would have thought there would still have been some love for Miss Mitford in her own village, for our English villages have had few better friends.

A C.N. reader who has been to Three Mile Cross in Berkshire, where Miss Mitford lived in a cottage, tells us that Aunt Sally has been there before her and set herself down in a very ugly petrol station almost opposite the window where Miss Mitford used to write.

As we said before, there is no limit to Aunt Sally.

## Life Changers

THE modern world, disillusioned, chaotic, feverish, demands a solution adequate to its disorder.

The problems of today are personal problems. Lives must be changed if problems are to be solved.

To re-direct the course of modern England we need an army of life-changers, intelligent, disciplined, and God-confident, speaking the language modern England understands.

The Oxford Group

## Walking Song

By Our Town Girl

The breezes they are calling, and the little roads run west,  
Climbing to the misty hills where clouds come down to rest;  
So let us leave the highway, for the little roads know best;  
And let's go marching along.

Oh, the little roads are climbing till they peep behind the skies,  
Till they nearly reach the meadows and the lanes of Paradise;  
So let us wander on them, for the little roads are wide;  
And let's go marching along.

## Tip-Cat

WE read that Lord Beaverbrook has left very quietly for New York. We thank him for going quietly.

THE modern girl knows just how long it takes her to dress. She has clocks on her stockings.

A cook recommends at least one egg dish in the day's menu. It makes a break.

A YOUNG man is trying to cycle a hundred miles a day for twelve months. The sort of young man who will go far.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If hatters test felt by the feel

PULL counts for less in business today, says a speaker. Not with a dentist.

A NEW hat has a bracing effect. Goes to the head.

PEOPLE born south of the Thames

have a prejudice in favour of the south side of the river. But sometimes they get over it.

A MODERN author says he always likes a good tramp. Hope the tramp likes him.

EVEN your kitchen should be a place of peace and beauty, says a woman writer. You should widen its range.

WOMEN archers dress much more simply than they used to. But they still have bows.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MR PERCY HOLT has left his whole fortune of £32,406 to Westminster Hospital.

MISS M. S. HAGAN has left £30,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

AN Old Boy of the Treloar Cripples Home at Alton came 120 miles by road in his wheeled chair to the annual reunion.

## JUST AN IDEA

Peace springs only from peace, not from continual talking about war.

## Blue Bell

By Our Country Girl

GOD never plants the bluebells  
In solid clumps and sheaves,  
But scatters them like moonlight  
Beneath the hazel leaves.

GOD never meant the bluebells  
To die in pots and jars,  
But in the cool dim woodlands  
He scatters them like stars.

I NEVER pick the bluebells,  
I hate them bound and dressed,  
I love them free and growing;  
I think that God knows best.

## Sad Case of a Stowaway

A STOWAWAY who was discovered in a ship between Western Australia and England has been fined.

Let us note the crime of which this man was guilty. He believed advertisements issued to induce strong and healthy young men with a knowledge of farm work to go to Western Australia. He took special farm training for two years, and went to Western Australia in 1926 under an assisted passage scheme. He got work on a sheep farm, but was discharged when bad times came, when he tramped Australia in search of work, often without a meal for days.

What the Government provided for such men was one week's work in three for 21s, which meant living on 7s a week. We can understand, therefore, how this man and others like him took risks to get home again.

The magistrate who tried the case remarked that these facts should be known. We agree, and we think it a pity that after all these years the British Empire is so inadequately planned that men are induced to migrate from one part to another and then turned adrift. If our friend the immigrant had been a horse someone would have better looked after him.

## C.N. Philosophies

Willingness

WILLINGNESS is the joy of the humble. It is a modest virtue and a very difficult one to practise, for it means self-denial in little things. To be willing is to be obliging.

Ever since their childhood Edith and Betty have played different parts. Edith leads the games and makes the decisions. Edith has the large bedroom, Betty the small. Edith is invariably given the wing of the chicken and Betty the leg. Yet their home is happy, for Betty is obliging though Edith is not, and Betty gives in willingly.

Willingness is the promptness to do what others desire; it is the grace with which one yields to their tastes or their inclinations. Willing people smooth out difficulties; they make love current in everyday life.

How much higher might the standard of general happiness be raised if each of us would oblige another just once a day.



## G.H.Q. OF THE B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE

London's Magnificent Palace of  
Art and Science

### THE TOWER OF STUDIOS

Broadcasting House, the home of the most efficient national broadcasting system in the world, is one of the most remarkable buildings in London.

During the last few years the work of the B.B.C. has been cramped at Savoy Hill in an old building converted into studios and offices. Now the artists, the programme producers, the engineers, and the other officials have a palace that is a worthy home for the finest broadcasting service in the world.

It might be called the Palace of Efficiency, for everything in it has been carefully designed for its purpose. It is the outcome of ten years of experience, and it is founded on the faith that it will one day speak to every home in the Empire.

#### Architect's Problem

The architect had to begin by solving a curious problem. He had to provide 22 studios of all sizes from a tiny room for talks and news to a great concert hall seating 800 people. They could not have windows because they must be perfectly sound-proof, and for the same reason they could not be included in the steel framework of the building because the girders would transmit sound. Therefore the studios are all contained in a brick tower which occupies the centre of the building. Round it are the offices, which also help to insulate the studios from the street noises outside. It is like a core of studios with a shell of other rooms.

As for light and ventilation, some of the studios have windows with sunshine pouring through them, but they are not real windows, and the sunshine is electric light. There is a constant supply of air from which all impurities have been washed, and the temperature in each studio is automatically controlled by a thermostat.

#### Studios of All Kinds

One of the most interesting studios is the little chapel from which services are broadcast. Then there is the vaudeville studio, where an audience looks down on the performers from a little gallery. There is the group of studios in which plays are produced, all their microphones linked together in the producer's room. There is the studio with six gramophones and all kinds of queer apparatus for producing noises like a train or a motor-car or an aeroplane or a storm or a war.

There is a studio for the Children's Hour and another for debates, and so on up the central tower to the control room at the top, where men with earphones sit in front of instruments, turning knobs and moving switches which regulate all the activities in the studios below, and keep them in touch with the stations in other parts of the country. This room, indeed, is the very heart of the B.B.C.

#### Good Seed Sown

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about the building is that it should be needed for an organisation only ten years old. If we are looking for the explanation of its rapid growth we may find it in the entrance hall of Broadcasting House, where there is an inscription dedicating this Temple of the Arts and Muses and praying

*that good seed sown may bring forth a good harvest; that all things hostile to peace or purity may be banished from this House; and that the people, inclining their ear to whatsoever things are beautiful and honest and of good report, may tread the path of wisdom and uprightness.*

## EKOLO ENUK PADDLES HIS OWN CANOE

EKOLO ENUK has made a great journey, and not in vain.

He is an Eskimo hunter, who lives in the wilds. His wife fell ill, and although the hunter nursed her carefully he saw that she was getting steadily worse.

Ekolo bethought him that White Man's Medicine was very wonderful, but the nearest hospital was at Churchill, 200 miles away, and it would be necessary to travel by boat.

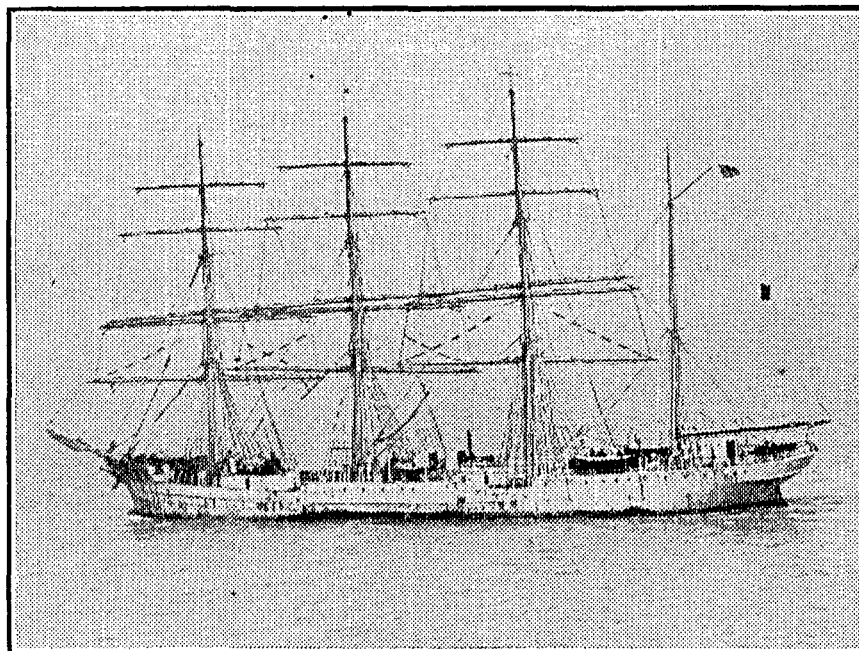
So Ekolo got out his little sealskin boat, packed it with furs, and made the sick woman as comfortable as he could. Then for nearly a fortnight he paddled his way along the cruel coast of Hudson Bay, in constant peril from the ice. They might have been swamped and

they might have died from exposure; but, wonderful to relate, they arrived safely. Can any woman ever have been more thankful to reach the comfort of a hospital bed than that poor Eskimo after her fortnight in an open boat?

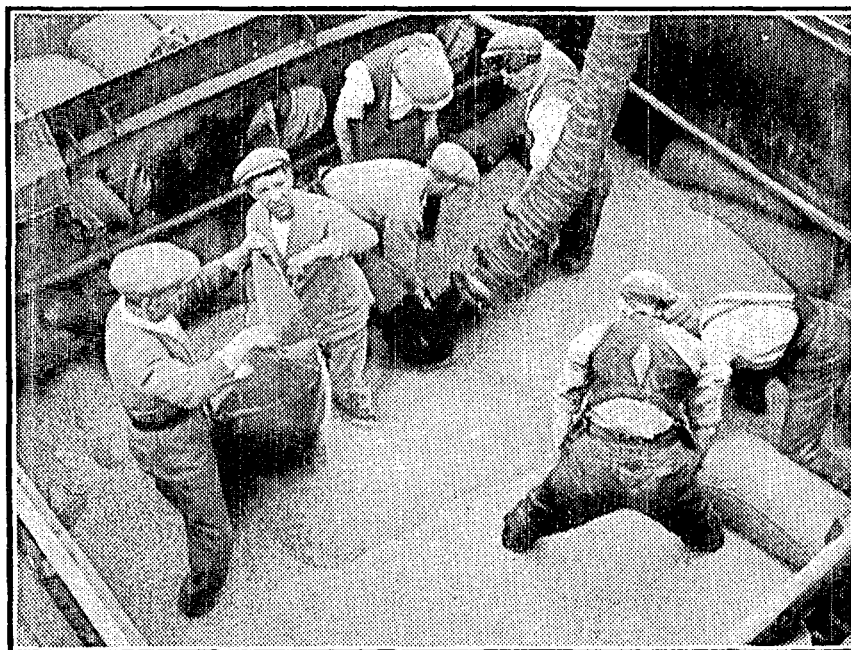
Great was Ekolo's reward when the doctors told him that his wife's complaint was curable—but that it would have proved fatal if it had not been treated in time.

There is a pleasant end to the story. The people at Churchill have made a collection to pay for Mrs Enuk's doctoring. Ekolo brought furs to trade for medicine, but the hero is not going to be allowed to do that by his admirers at Churchill.

## A RACE ACROSS THE WORLD



The Abraham Rydberg in the Thames



Unloading the grain with a suction pipe

As told on page 2, the Abraham Rydberg, a Swedish boat, was the first of the fleet of sailing ships to reach England with a cargo of grain from Australia.

## THE VILLAGE STREAM

WE are at the opening of that season of the year when people who are tied to the cities for most of the year take advantage of longer evenings and warmer weather to make excursions into the countryside.

This is, therefore, obviously the time for calling attention to a practice which seems to be common to both the excursionist from the city and the countryman himself.

We refer to the deplorable practice of utilising the beds of streams as dumping-grounds for rubbish.

Admittedly most of the litter strewn about the countryside during spring,

summer, and early autumn is left there by the people from the towns; but the rubbish disfiguring the beds of so many streams where they run through villages is thrown there by the villagers themselves. Excursionists do not deposit old bicycle tyres, broken jars, and other kinds of crockery, empty fruit tins, and old cart wheels in village streams.

This is a great pity, for the English village which is fortunate enough to have its own river is one of the loveliest scenes on Earth. We appeal to the local patriotism of the villagers to clear up their streams, and to excursionists to leave the streams tidy and clean.

## TWO POOR BOYS AND THEIR SHIPS

HOW THEY BECAME RICH

Grand Old Man of the Pacific  
Ends His Work at 88

### LORD INCHCAPE'S FIRST FIVE POUNDS

Two of the world's greatest shipowners have passed on.

They are Lord Inchcape, who died at 79, and Captain Robert Dollar, who was 88. Both came from humble homes in Scotland and made their way by their own force of character.

Lord Inchcape, whose name was James Lyle Mackay, was born in 1852 at Arbroath, close to which is the famous Inchcape Rock, from which he took his name when he was created a baron in 1911.

James Mackay made his first trip to sea when he was eight. It was a voyage to Archangel and back, and during the round trip he fell overboard twice and was rescued.

#### An Orphan at Twelve

When he was 12 he was left an orphan and worked as a clerk in an office for five pounds a year, eventually rising to fifteen pounds. He went to London when quite a youth, and at 23 he obtained a position in India. At 27 he became a partner of his firm, and his further progress was rapid.

He held many important Government posts and was head of the great P. & O. company.

Captain Robert Dollar, the rich shipping magnate known as the Grand Old Man of the Pacific, was one of the most romantic figures in America.

When he was only six this little Scots boy of Falkirk wanted to go to sea. He launched his mother's washtub in the Forth and Clyde Canal, but the voyage ended in disaster, for he was thrashed by his father and told not to do it again. Little did his parents think, when he was corrected for this little escapade, that their adventurous son was to become one of the largest one-man shipowners in the world.

#### Half-a-Crown a Week

At 12 Robert started work in an engineering shop at half-a-crown a week. A year later he saw more of the world, for his family emigrated to Canada, and he found work in that country as a lumber boy at £2 a month.

He began to find that his lack of education handicapped him, for at 19 he could not read, so he set to work to do something about it. He spent his spare time in studying, and used birch bark for a slate. By the time he was 21 he was made foreman of the lumber camp, and although still poor he married Margaret Proudfoot, a Scots girl, who helped him to make his fortune.

Soon afterwards he went to the United States and started business in San Francisco as a foreign trader and lumber man. It has been said that everything he touched turned to gold. Not many years passed before he owned a large region of timber land and founded the town of Dollarville in Michigan.

#### A Splendid Fleet

It was 40 years after he had emigrated to the New World that he started a shipping business in addition to his other enterprises. Newsboy was the name of the first ship he owned. Then he bought the Arab, a 6500-ton steamer, with which he made his first venture in the China trade in 1901. He had soon done much to improve commercial relations between the United States and the Far East. Gradually he owned a splendid fleet of cargo boats carrying passengers, which was named the Dollar Steamship Lines.



## THE BLADE OF GRASS

### An Emblem For New Zealand

Someone has suggested that the best emblem for New Zealand would be the common blade of grass, because most of the Dominion's wealth comes from the sheep and cattle that feed on grass.

About 95 per cent of New Zealand's exports consists of the produce of grass, such things as wool, frozen meat, butter, cheese, hides, and skins. The other five per cent is made up from very unimportant things like gold, hemp, and other products of the earth.

New Zealand has factories, but she exports practically no manufactured goods; she has wide fields of wheat and oats, but they are only enough for her own people. Yet her grasslands are so wide that she can supply all the rest of the world with £40,000,000 worth of products of sheep and cattle.

So it is that the humble blade of grass is the real emblem of New Zealand.

## THE TERROR OF THE JUNGLE

There are no law-breakers in India more to be feared than the wild things of the jungle which obey no law but their own.

Last year tigers, leopards, foxes, wild pigs, and snakes caused nearly 1600 deaths in the Central Provinces alone. For some reason not made clear the deaths have increased by nearly 200 over the year before.

That might be thought to be owing to the fact that less money has been spent on hunting. But the greatest mortality is caused by snake-bite, from which 1200 people died. The tigers and leopards killed some 200.

The deaths from snake-bite are being reduced to a very small extent by scientific methods of prevention or cure. They remain one of the greater curses of India. But the large number of deaths from the man-eating tigers or leopards is an astonishing revelation of the wild.

## HOME TALKIES

Moving-pictures which can be shown at home, perfectly safe from risk of fire and provided with real sound photography, have at last been perfected.

The sound track in a talking-picture, on which the photograph of the speech and music have to be recorded, is only a tenth of an inch wide, but in the home cinematograph the little pictures are so much smaller that only about a twentieth of an inch can be allowed for the sound picture, which runs along the edge of the film.

The British Thomson-Houston Company has succeeded in making a small, portable projector for home use, and the quality of the sound is remarkably good. Other models are being experimented with, and before long we shall have home talkies in natural colours as well.

Of course such a projector is rather expensive, but its greatest use will probably be in schools and for various kinds of teaching, and in demonstrating machines and their use, especially in advertising.

## THE MAN ON THE STEEPLE

Often we have passed St. George's Church in Bloomsbury, with its wide steps and pillars rather like those of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, but only lately did we discover something very odd about it.

It is the only church in England which has a statue finishing the steeple. It was given by an admirer of George the First, and is the figure of that king clad in a Roman toga. Somehow he looks cold and out of place, a rather embarrassed-looking fellow in clothing which he certainly never wore.

## BEETLES BEWARE

### A Visit To the Prime Minister

Beetles are no respecters of persons. They have invaded the precincts of Chequers.

The precincts of Westminster have already suffered from their activities. From the Great Hall of St. Stephen's to the oak beams of the Prime Minister's country retreat was but a step, though we think it was a step in the wrong direction.

It is of no avail to urge that consideration on such a self-centred creature as the borer beetle, which has already worked its wicked will on many of the oak beams of Chequers. It has found an ally in dry rot.

But the resources of the Age of Steel are not exhausted. The roof has been reinforced by steel girders. The beetles have been given notice to quit, and those that remain will make little headway in metal.

## STRANGE CHANGE IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

Dr W. B. Norton, who has been for twenty years on the staff of the Chicago Tribune, tells of a strange change he has seen come over the office during his lifetime.

In the old days, the moment the whistle blew men would rush from the various departments with long poles, to return a few minutes later with perhaps a dozen cans of beer slung on each pole. Typesetting is thirsty work, and as for leader-writing, well—even the Editor of the C.N. likes his cup of tea.

Nowadays the beer rush has ended, but drinking goes on as much as before, if not more. Only now it is delicious cold milk. Empty bottles pile up outside the door at the end of the day. Dr Norton stopped to count them not long ago; there were sixty.

The management was so much struck by this change in the staff's habits that it installed an ice-box to keep the milk fresh and cool during the intense heat of the Chicago summer.

## PETROL FROM SEEDS

The cotton-plant is one of the most useful cultivated by man. The gift of petrol must now be added to its many other benefits.

From the oil produced from the seeds of the plant a Chicago chemist has been able to extract petrol of very high grade. The process involves treating the oil at a temperature of 900 degrees Fahrenheit and subjecting it to a pressure of 150 pounds to a square inch; and in addition to petrol there are produced a heavy fuel oil, thirteen kinds of gases, a form of alcohol, and coke.

Petrol produced by this method is too costly at present, but the process has interesting possibilities for the future, for it can be used with similar success with other oils besides that obtained from cotton seeds.

## THE OLD TOWN HALL

The Old Town Hall at Wrexham has been scheduled as an ancient monument. It is safe.

Some time ago people wanted to pull it down to improve a dangerous corner. But the Town Hall was built in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and it is the home of Wrexham's history; so the road problem must be solved in some other way.

## BEING WATCHED

The best form of instruction is your own personal example.

You may not know that you are being watched, but you are. Your boys are observing you all the time, although they may also be doing it unconsciously. I have found that you can always know what a Scouter is like when you see his Scouts. The Chief Scout to Scoutmasters

## A MAN AND HIS TOWN

### Putting Stoke on the Map

Is it not a wonderful example of a man's influence that Stoke is known through Mr Arnold Bennett's books to millions who have never heard of its pottery?

A bronze tablet has been put on the cottage in Hope Street, Hanley, where Mr Bennett was born, and this is what Colonel Wedgwood, M.P., said in unveiling it:

*Arnold Bennett needs no memorial. His memorial is not written in brass or in stone, but in sixty joyous volumes. Arnold Bennett put on the map Stoke, alias Knipe, and by him it has been interpreted to the human race. We owe to his memory something we are not likely to forget. Through him we live in the minds of the greater part of America and Europe.*

## ONE OF NAPOLEON'S PRISONERS

Captain O'Brien was taken prisoner as a midshipman during the Napoleon wars.

He made three attempts to escape, and the last succeeded. His book about those adventures has just been republished, and it teaches the old, old story that no good deed is ever really wasted.

The English sailor arrived at Salzburg during a very hard frost, feeling frozen and miserable. The gaoler spoke civilly to the new prisoner and asked if he would like a fire.

"Exceedingly," replied O'Brien; "but I have not a farthing to pay for it."

The gaoler said: "In that case you shall go to my room and warm yourself, and shall want for nothing that I can help you to."

Then he explained that he was an old soldier, and had twice been taken prisoner by the English, who had treated him well. Little did his gaolers guess the good turn they were doing one of their countrymen when they were kind to an enemy.

## A VERY ELECTRIC DAIRY

Here are a few of the things done by electricity in a very modern new dairy of the Midland Counties Dairy Company in Birmingham.

The milk when it arrives travels in cans along an endless belt driven by a motor. The empty cans are washed by an electric machine. Another electric machine washes the milk bottles, another sterilises them, and in turn the bottling of the milk and the capping of the bottles are done by electric robots. The milk and cream are mixed to a perfectly uniform liquid by an electric homogeniser before being bottled, and when ready it is transported to people's houses by a fleet of electric milk vans.

Eggs are graded into different sizes by an electric machine, and some of the surplus milk is turned into ice-cream by electric freezing machines. The ice-cream is packed into cartons by still another electric device. More than 150 electric motors are used in this one dairy for driving the various machines.

## ERITH BY THE THAMES

Those who know the interests of the old towns by the Thames will not be surprised to find how interesting Erith is. Mr Robert Henry Robinson has just told its story in a little book on Erith Through the Ages, published at Erith by the Randal Press.

In view of the fact that Erith is part of the North Kent Pageant to be given next month in Lady Limerick's beautiful grounds at Bexley, the book should be particularly popular just now. It tells us the story of Erith from the days of stockades and earthen forts, down through Alfred's England and the first British Fleet, through the days of the old abbeys, to these days of ours when we ride past the ruins of the abbey in a tram.

## THE SEAGULL AND THE CAT

### All in the Family

On one of the beaches a few miles from Auckland, New Zealand, there is a tame seagull. The poor bird is old and one of its wings has been broken so that it cannot fly.

It is generally to be seen near the same house, where a lady feeds it. It hops all round the garden, poking about, but as soon as it sees a certain dish put out and filled with food it has a race with the family cat, and disputes every mouthful with it. In fact, if the cat secures what the bird evidently thinks is a particularly dainty tit-bit it does not hesitate to try to take it right from the mouth of its four-legged rival. And then ensues a tug-of-war, like Greek joining Greek.

At times the bird will disappear for weeks on end, and on such occasions the family will think it has gone; but so far it has always returned, and is there yet.

## TITIAN'S HOME

They have just finished the restoration of Titian's house at Pieve di Cadore in the Dolomite Alps.

Here he was born in 1477. Four years ago the Commune bought the house, and since then workmen have been at the delicate task of removing the front and the extra rooms which were added after Titian's son sold it.

Now the original house is laid bare. There is a large room on the ground floor, which was probably used as a stable, and there are three rooms and a wooden balcony above. From this simple home Titian was sent as a boy to study under a famous painter in Venice.

Soon he became much more famous than his master; wealth and honours were showered upon him. But, like Shakespeare, he retired to his birthplace in the end. Cadore claims that he spent some of his last years in the mountain village of his birth.

His old home has been made into a Titian Museum, and now houses some old furniture as well as many letters written by the great painter. Among the documents are some that tell how Titian lent money to his neighbours, and how they too often failed to pay it back.

## IN AMERICA

We do not realise that labour disputes in the United States are still often conducted by methods we have long discarded.

It is reported from Ohio that soldiers are being used to protect coalmines from attacks by miners on strike. At one place an aeroplane was seen flying over the mines, and it was assumed that this was being employed by the miners to drop bombs. Anti-aircraft guns were at once moved up to protect the mines.

Machine guns have been established at points all over the Ohio coalfield and the roads are marked with notices warning people that they may come under fire. Strike-breaking workmen have been introduced into the mines, and there are bitter fights between these men and the strikers.

It is a most unhappy picture of twentieth-century industry and another comment upon what has been made of the richest country in the world.

## STEEL'S RIVALS

The new process of age-hardening is working miracles in the world of metals.

It is making many alloys hitherto looked upon as far softer than steel equal to steel in tensile strength. Various metals, after a certain type of heat treatment, grow old in a few days and change very greatly in their mechanical strength. Steel will have many rivals in the next few years.

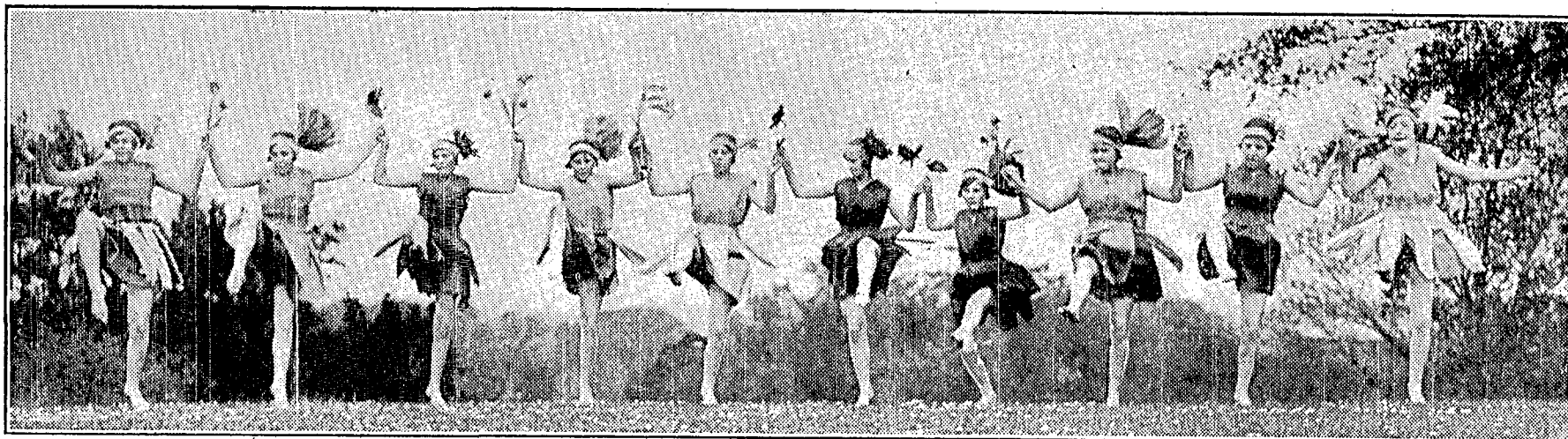


June 4, 1932

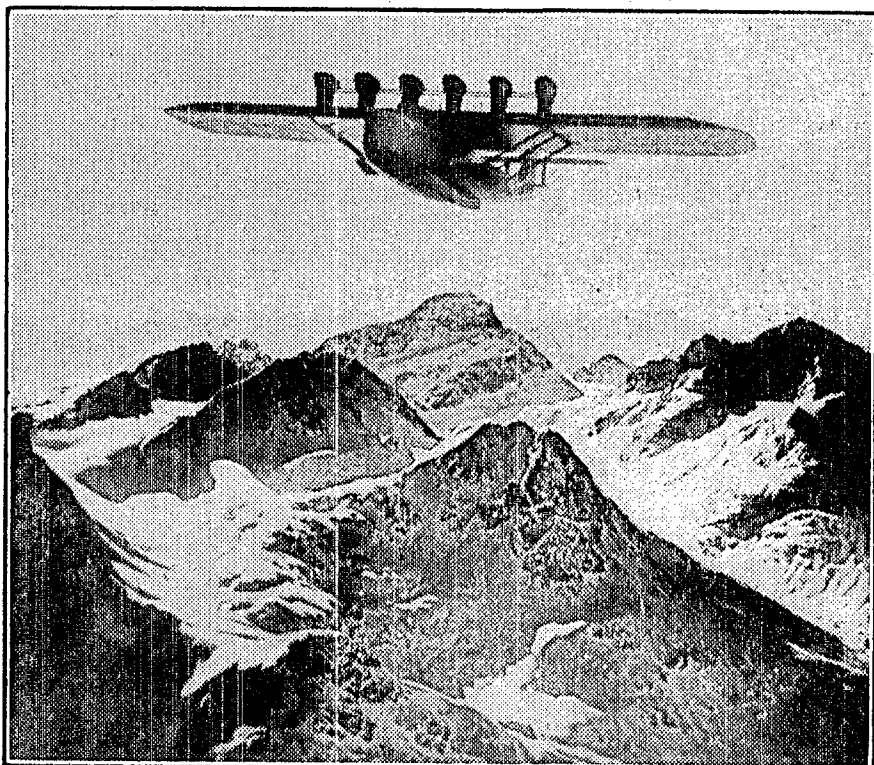
*The Children's Newspaper*

9

# FLORAL DANCE · FLYING-BOAT OVER THE ALPS · BROADCASTING HOUSE



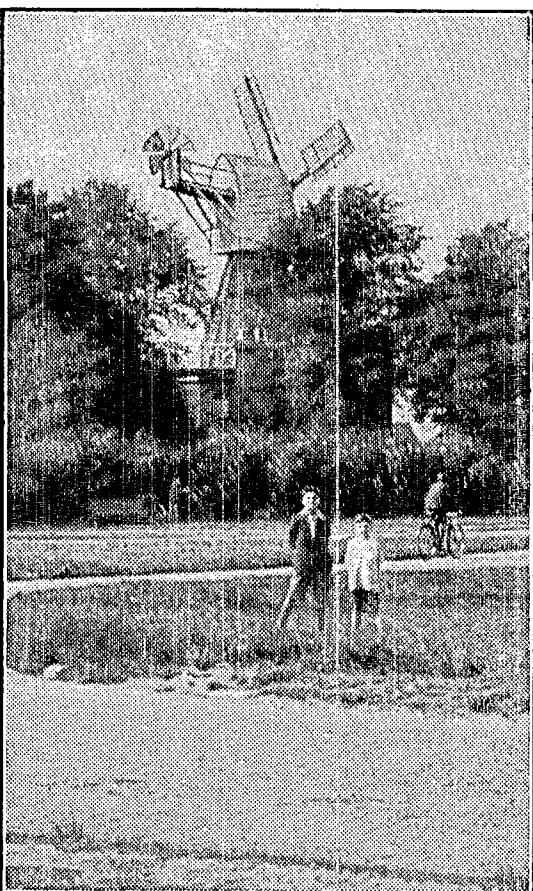
**A Floral Dance**—The girls of the Shaftesbury Homes at Esher, Surrey, are giving a display next month. Here we see some of them rehearsing a dance in which each girl represents a flower.



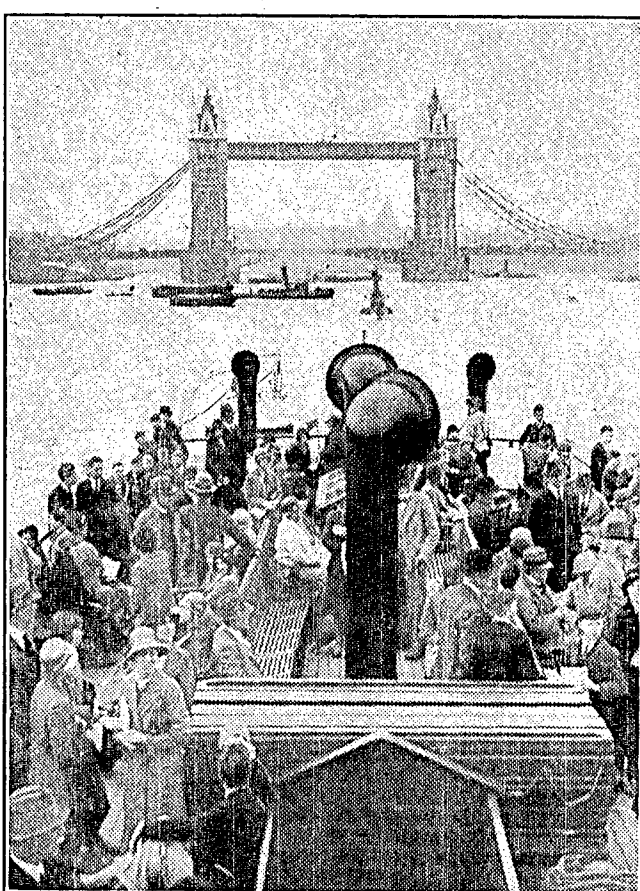
**Over the Alps**—A twelve-engined flying-boat of the Dox type was built for the Italian Government on Lake Constance. Our picture shows it crossing the Alps on the way to Italy.



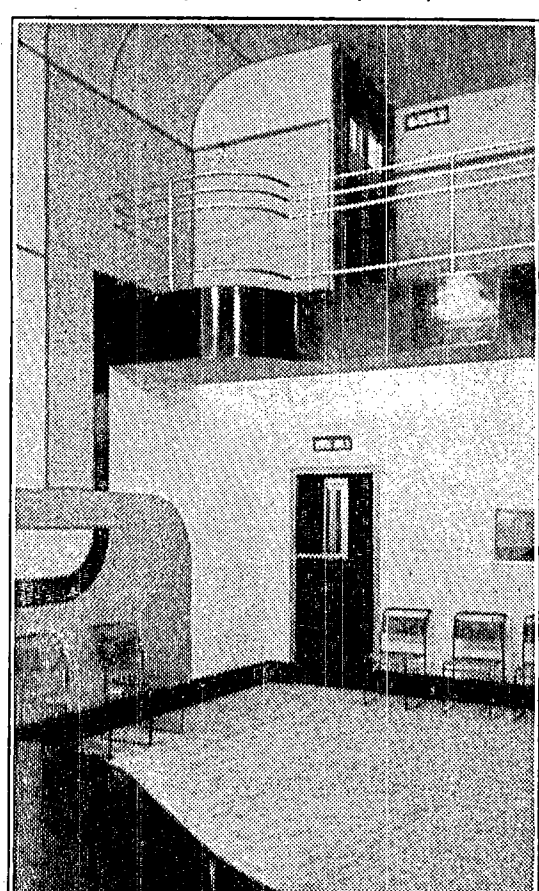
**Airmen at Drill**—The display of physical training by the Royal Air Force is one of the most impressive events in the Royal Tournament at Olympia. Here is the squad at practice.



**Rural London**—Quite like a village green is this view of Wimbledon Common in London, with the famous windmill that can be seen for miles around.



**Seeing the Docks**—Londoners are taking far more interest in their river, and trips to the docks are proving very popular. This steamer, the Essex Queen, is seen just below the Tower Bridge.



**B.B.C.'s New Home**—This glimpse of the dance-band studio at Broadcasting House gives an idea of the modern style of decoration. There are 22 studios. See page 7.



## THE FLOOD VICTIMS

### SPARE A MITE FOR PITY

Help From Home For Little  
Ones in Dire Distress

### HOW THE WHEAT GOES

Children in China who have been left fatherless, and women who are without men to support them, are among the most pressing concerns of those engaged on relief work in the huge area devastated by last summer's floods.

As we have already explained, a stretch of land as big as England was flooded, millions of people were drowned, and the homes of millions more were washed away. The survivors rushed to the refugee camps, where they have so far been able to get food and the shelter of mat huts.

#### Dean of Canterbury's Message

The Dean of Canterbury, Dr Hewlett Johnson, went to China in February to see the terrible state of affairs for himself, and he is still investigating conditions and helping with the work of the National Flood Relief Commission, whose Director, Sir John Hope Simpson, was sent out by the League of Nations.

It is in a message from Dr Hewlett Johnson that we hear of the problem of the widows and orphans. The floods have now subsided, families are getting back to their homes, and the men are beginning to work on their land again. But so many families have no menfolk left, and many children have now neither father nor mother. "It is no uncommon sight," says Dr Johnson, "to find children on the streets in some districts crying in the evening for food and shelter. What the situation would be like if the orphan camp of 3700 children at Wuchang or the large camp of 80,000 people at Tsaitien were disbanded one does not like to contemplate."

#### Wheat as Wages

The wheat which is now feeding these and other camps comes all the way from the American prairies. It travels 3000 miles across the Pacific, 200 miles up the great Yangtze River to Nanking, then by train northward to Pengpu, and by water again 400 miles westward to Hankow. From that centre it is sent out 200 miles in all directions, by launch, lighter, junk, barrow, porter, or pack, to be distributed among the men, women, and children who would starve without it. Some of it is given out free, but much of it is paid as wages to the thousands of men at work repairing the dykes the floods broke through, which must be mended at all costs before the next flood season begins.

The accounts sent home by the Dean of Canterbury and Sir John Hope Simpson have led to the formation of a committee in London and the opening of a fund for the relief of the flood victims. Its office is at Edinburgh House, 2, Eaton Gate, London, S.W. 1. All the money collected is being sent straight to Sir John Hope Simpson for the work of the National Flood Relief Commission, and we hope many C.N. homes will spare a mite for this most noble work.

## A QUEER SPECTACLE

How Our Gamblers Pay  
Ireland's Taxes

The people in this country who have abused Mr De Valera for his action over the Oath yet have wasted money on Irish sweepstake tickets have helped him out of a serious difficulty.

One shilling in every sixteen thus sent across the Irish Sea by the hard-pressed English taxpayer is being taken by the Irish Exchequer.

It is a very queer state of affairs.

The Finance Minister anticipates that he will get £650,000 by this tax during the year, mostly out of the pockets of those who grumble at paying our taxes at home.

## THE WORLD GETTING TOGETHER

6000 Florists Unite

### TELEGRAPHING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

What next? we ask when we hear of a new wonder in this enthralling world. There is always a something next.

It is now possible to telegraph a bouquet of flowers to the other end of the Earth and have it delivered within 24 hours.

Nothing but a universal love of flowers could have made possible the international scheme by which this wonder is worked. About 6000 flower shops in Europe, the United States, Canada, Argentina, South Africa, Malay, Iceland, and many other parts of the globe belong to an organisation known as the Florist's Telegraph Association. All the members of the association, which has a clearing-house through which payments are made, guarantee that they will satisfy any customer who sends an order.

#### How It is Done

Suppose a customer came into a flower shop in Manchester which belonged to the league. He might say that he wanted some flowers delivered in New York. At once his order would be sent to one of the New York members of the association with instructions that the roses or lilies or violets should be delivered at once. The very next morning a box of exquisite blooms arrives at the destination, perhaps a hospital where some friend of the sender is lying ill. A message can also be sent with the flowers.

It was America which started the scheme. In this country, where the love of flowers is proverbial, the idea spread like wildfire, and no fewer than 600 flower shops in our chief towns belong to the association. London has over 80 members.

## THE POLICEMAN'S SHADOW

### Tale of a Little Paris Dog

A little dog in Paris has been causing a lot of amusement.

He belongs to the proprietor of a café in one of the busiest streets, but the dog treats the café as if it were nothing more than his hotel, a place to go to for a meal and a night's sleep.

During the rest of the time he is busy and the café sees nothing of him. But he does not follow the ordinary routine of a city dog's life—say a visit to the neighbouring dustbins in the morning and a cat hunt to get up an appetite for lunch, with a snooze in front of the fire in the afternoon, and then perhaps a couple of fights or a run in the park—or both if it is a lucky day.

No; this small fellow spends the whole of his days and part of his nights trotting at the heels of the policeman on duty. It does not seem to matter who the policeman is, for when a fresh policeman comes along to replace his colleague the dog immediately abandons the man who has been on duty and takes up his post behind the newcomer. When the policeman is called somewhere or returns to the police station the dog goes with him and waits patiently at the door until he reappears.

Some people have suggested that he is fascinated by the uniform and cannot take his eyes off it; others try to make out that he is burning with a desire to be helpful and thinks that at any time the policeman may need his services.

Possibly, however, he is not quite such a fine character as he appears, and we think it highly probable that he only feels safe with a stalwart guardian of the peace. Perhaps some cat or dog has snarled at him something like: "You just wait till I get you alone!" and the little dog is not taking any risks.

## THE DEATHLESS DREAM

### One More Colony Fades Away

Amana has surrendered.

Amana will never surrender.

The colony in America has dissolved after some 90 years, but always men will be building new Amanas in their hearts.

Amana's other names are Utopia, Nowhere, and the Kingdom of God on Earth. At times every man has longed to get away from this hurrying, bustling, money-grubbing world where we

*Slave a little,  
Save a little,  
Then we die.*

If only man could get away to some quiet corner where life is simple and beautiful! Why should life be an incessant slavery to pay for luxuries which do not really make us happy?

#### A Group of Germans

In 1843 a little group of Germans settled in America. They had not come to seek their fortunes in the New World, but to save their souls. They called themselves the Community of True Inspiration. They took Christ's teaching literally. They did not try to make money or lay up treasure on Earth, but only to get from their labours on the soil enough to keep the community in food and plain clothing. They settled at Amana in Iowa.

All round them were people eager to make money; they did not compete with them. For nearly a hundred years they kept to their own customs. They were Communists and Puritans, and they spoke German. The colony at Amana was as distinct from the rest of the countryside as an isle is from the sea that surrounds it.

#### The Lost Leaders

But the two leaders, one a woman, who had inspired the community, died. After that some of the fire died out. Rules and church services could not replace the flame of Barbara Heine-mann's inspiration. Children kept drifting away from the community as they grew up, until it dwindled down to a population which could no longer live independent of the rest of the world.

The people of Amana are not sufficiently numerous to keep one another in food and clothes: they must trade with the world. Communism has died at Amana, as it has died in many other colonies of the same sort in America during the last 200 years.

Yet men will go on dreaming of such colonies to the end of time. Plato's Republic, More's Utopia, Morris's News from Nowhere, and Matthew Arnold's poem on The Future all spring from a longing common to every man: a longing for the peace and joy that pass all understanding.

## A TRAPPER'S LONG JOURNEY

Going to the dentist is usually a matter of a few minutes, or rarely more than an hour's journey, for most of us.

But Frank Jakobson, who lives in the extreme north of Canada, had to think twice about hurrying off to his dentist when he had raging toothache a few weeks ago.

After several days of agonising pain he decided that he must have his aching tooth extracted. The nearest dentist lived 1250 miles away, but that did not deter Jakobson. He started off, covering the first 620 miles in a sledge drawn by dogs. At Aklavik he sent a wireless message to Maye on the Yukon ordering an aeroplane to be ready to take him to White Horse. From here he was able to go by train as far as Ilagway and then on to Vancouver by steamer. From start to finish the journey took 32 days.

## AT SCHOOL IN BENGAL

### Pocket-Money For the Flood Relief Fund

#### POLLY AND HER OLD MAN

From North Bengal comes this letter from a C.N. reader teaching in a mission school where there are hostels for Bengali or Aboriginal girls of all ages up to 16.

At the time of the big floods in Bengal our girls were given an opportunity to subscribe to the relief fund.

Many knew from experience what kind of suffering people have to bear in such circumstances. One charming girl, who depends on us for all her clothing, food, and pocket-money, went to the Matron and asked to draw her month's allowance—a matter of eight annas (about ninepence). Of this she gave six annas to the fund, three-quarters of all the money she had in the world.

#### Not To Be Left Out

Then there were two little sisters, Kandoni and Panu, who have no pennies of their own, for they are considered too young for pocket-money. But they were determined not to be left out, and came to ask us for work to do. We told them to gather the dry grass which was lying cut about the compound—no light work. For this we gave them two annas each, the first money they ever possessed. They handed it all to the fund.

I would like to tell you, too, about the Old Man and his wife, Polly, who came to us as uninvited paying guests. Where they came from nobody knows, but we hope they will go on staying with us for they are such nice pi-dogs.

#### A Canine Bodyguard

Pi-dogs are pariah dogs, which attach themselves to villages, or sometimes to one compound such as ours. Many get bullied and beaten and cruelly used, but the Old Man and Polly are very happy, and tell us so many times a day. Polly wags her tail vigorously if we take any notice of her, and the Old Man howls with delight if we deign to have a word with him.

They pay for their keep by looking after our girls. Daily at 9.30 a bell rings to call the girls together to march off to the school nearly a mile away. When the two dogs hear the bell they, too, saunter up in a leisurely Indian-like way to take their places in the line. No one ever asked them to accompany the girls to school, but they go all the way to the other compound, wag their tails in farewell, and return here.

## IDLE ROADMEN

### While Roads Need Work

It is said that more than 20,000 men have been thrown out of work by the cutting down of expenditure on roads. Besides roadmakers this includes quarrymen and workers in other trades.

The Roads Improvement Association points out that many of these workers could be usefully employed at a relatively small cost on certain road work that is urgently necessary. For instance, many long stretches of important roads are without footpaths and the provision of these would add greatly to the safety of pedestrians, particularly at night. The treatment of smooth waterproof surfaces with special dressings to prevent skidding in wet weather would also add to the safety of the roads.

Another suggestion, although rather more expensive to carry out, is that many bridges should be strengthened and widened, thus opening up to heavy traffic many miles of well-made roads. It is said that there are 7000 bridges in this country that need strengthening.

With traffic increasing year by year as it is the exercise of too drastic economy where road maintenance is concerned might easily mean storing up expenditure for the future.



## REMARKABLE SIGHT IN THE WESTERN SKY

### Venus, Jupiter, the Moon, and Regulus

#### A SUN MILLIONS OF MILES ACROSS

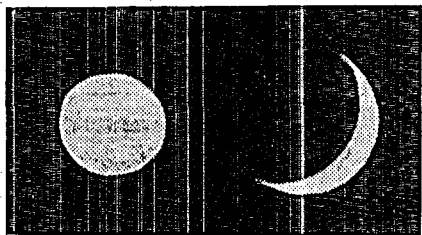
By the C.N. Astronomer

The approach of Venus to Jupiter the last few weeks has been the most striking feature of the evening sky as Venus has mounted higher and higher, with increasing brilliancy.

By the middle of next week, however, Venus will turn tail and begin to recede from the giant Jupiter. A fortnight later Venus will be gone from our view.

It is now that Venus is best seen, with powerful binoculars, a telescope, or even good field-glasses, as a crescent, for she appears over three-quarters of a minute of arc in diameter between the cusps of the crescent, as shown in the picture, and it would therefore take about 40 such crescents to extend in line between the cusps of the Moon's crescent.

The crescent of Venus will, for the next fortnight, be not far below naked-eye perception, and so within reach of the powers of small magnifying instruments. The dazzling glare, however, needs to be reduced by placing tinted



Jupiter and Venus

or darkened glass (preferably a photograph negative) in front of the eye end of the glasses.

An additional attraction of the heavens next week will be the presence of the crescent Moon, which, on the evenings of June 7 and 8, will be almost in line between Jupiter and Venus, while on June 6 she will appear just above Venus, the two being at their nearest about 11 o'clock. By June 9 the Moon will appear a little way to the left of Jupiter and almost midway between him and the bright star Regulus.

Thus all these four luminaries will stretch in a line across the western sky, dipping down toward the north-west horizon. As regards size they are entirely the reverse of what they appear; the Moon, apparently the largest, is actually the smallest, with a diameter of only 2160 miles.

Venus has a diameter of about 7600 miles, while Jupiter has an extreme width of 88,700 miles. The diameter of Regulus, an immense sun, must amount to several millions of miles, for it radiates about 70 times more light than our Sun, which is 864,000 miles in diameter. Regulus appears so small because it is so far away, its light taking 56 years to reach us; whereas the light from the Sun takes little more than 8 minutes. This enormous difference represents the enormous difference in their distance.

#### Jupiter's Distance

The light from Venus takes only about three minutes to reach us at the present time, for she is about 34 million miles away. Jupiter's distance is some 510 million miles, and he appears actually smaller than Venus now, their appearance and relative sizes as seen through a telescope being shown in the picture which is given above.

Were Jupiter as near to us as Venus is now we should see him with the naked eye as a beautiful and ever-changing little sphere, appearing rather more than one-fourth the width of the Full Moon. Were he coming between the Earth and the Sun, as Venus is, he would appear as a crescent; but as he never does so he can never appear to us like Venus.

G. F. M.

## L. N. P.

### A Camp of Friendship at God's Hill

#### INTERNATIONAL MEETINGS OF THE FUTURE

Number of Branches—1220

God's Hill, the camping-ground near Fordingbridge on the Avon which Mr and Mrs Charman have generously given to the L.N.P., is in one of the most beautiful parts of England. It lies more than 300 feet up on the north-west slopes of the New Forest.

One day we hope it may be a meeting-ground of children from all over the world, and that many international friendships will be formed here. But in the meantime there is much to be done. Already a party of boys and girls from Mill Hill School have cleared the ground of gorse so that tents can now be pitched.

At present, however, only a few children can camp here at a time as the water supply is very limited. Before the camp is ready for full use £200 is needed. First a surface must be made, then a wooden hut for a warden and camp stores must be built. Some fencing is also needed to keep out stray cattle, and one day a swimming-pool is to be added. At present Pioneers must supply their own camp equipment.

Who will help to make the camp ready for some delightful holidays of the future by sending even a few pence toward the £200 to the League of Nations Pioneers?

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: L.N.P., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. office.

Each application should enclose six-pence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



The L.N.P. Badge

## JAPAN'S WARS IN CHINA

### Shanghai Peace: Now For Manchuria

Japan has made peace at Shanghai but has transferred her armies to Manchuria, and all the world is anxiously watching for her next move there.

Her excuse is that the local police are inadequate, but the fear is that her real purpose is a war with Russia.

Russia has great interests in a railway in Manchuria, and there is constant friction between the Bolsheviks and the White Russians, who have never acknowledged the new Government at Moscow.

Does the military autocracy of Japan think that it can win back the prestige lost at Shanghai in a conflict with Russia? With Russia so unpopular among other nations the Japanese generals may think they will have the world's sympathy; but war is war, and such a war would have results that none can foresee. The aggressor in any war involving the great nations will have no goodwill from the rest of the world.

#### WHO WAS THOMAS HOOD?

Born London, 1799. Died London, 1845.

"He sang the Song of the Shirt" is the epitaph on Hood's tombstone. If he had written nothing else his days would have been justified. But in grave vein or gay he was always writing, though his health was of the worst and his fortunes often dismal in the extreme.

A business misfortune consumed all his possessions, but he was too honourable to declare himself bankrupt; he mortgaged his brain to work off his liability, and broke down while still at his task.

Hood began his career in a merchant's office, and was afterwards apprenticed to an engraver, but was too delicate for the work of either position.

## A GREAT MAN FORGOT

### John Arderne

There are those who say that because we know little of Shakespeare he cannot have been Shakespeare. We know still less of John Arderne, yet he was our first real doctor. Where and when he was born is beyond discovery, but this fact we have in his own writings: "From the first pestilence, which was in the year of our Lord 1349 till the year 1370, I lived at Newark in the county of Nottingham."

Arderne was a genius of the first magnitude two centuries before William Harvey. He came to London from Newark in the plenitude of his powers, and seems to have taken all our princes and potentates under his care. His patients included the Black Prince, whom he appears to have accompanied at the Battle of Crecy; there were Henry of Lancaster and other warriors whose names blaze in the warlike annals of the age; there were preachers, merchants, and others who formed the financial backbone of that warring era. All these he cites among the cases he had treated.

#### An Unsolved Mystery

He wrote books in Latin, but he was not of the order of twaddling schoolmen. He seems to have known only one book of Galen and nothing of his French and Italian contemporaries. How he got his skill and knowledge is a perfect mystery, but in an age which knew almost nothing of science, and appealed to magic and the Moon for cures, he towers forth five centuries ahead of the rest of the world.

He was a brilliant operating surgeon, with a knowledge of anatomy astonishing for the period, and he taught by his books as gladly as he cured. He withheld nothing that study and practice had enabled him to perform.

#### Before Pasteur and Lister

There were no anaesthetics in Arderne's day, yet he insisted that the patient should be rendered unconscious before an operation, and then, "if you must cut, do so boldly; loss of blood is less, and shock minimised." Five hundred years before Pasteur and Lister he proclaimed the necessity of aseptic surgery. "Keep wounds clean (he said); they should heal without suppuration; but where this does occur assist the process by washing, that the wound may heal from the bottom upwards; otherwise do not dress too frequently."

This old seer was a miracle of modernity in method, one of the forgotten giants of humanity, whose teaching and practice were to be neglected and lost for ages, to give place to methods of gross superstition. It has remained for masters of our own day to realise what a genius and loving friend of his fellows came out of Newark to save the leaders of a disease-ridden realm.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

#### How Much Heavier is Wet Sand Than Dry?

About 25 pounds a cubic foot, dry sand weighing 111 pounds a foot.

#### Why Do Judges Wear Wigs?

Two hundred years ago all men who could afford wigs wore them, and wigs have remained as part of the judge's official dress.

#### Where in Europe Are Monkeys Found Wild?

The Magot, or Barbary Macaque, one of the tail-less monkeys, lives in Gibraltar and some of the neighbouring parts of Spain. It is as large as a good-sized dog.

#### Which Building Has Been Known as No 1 London?

Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's residence near Hyde Park Corner. No 1 St Paul's Churchyard is also known as No 1 London.

## Which do you prefer?

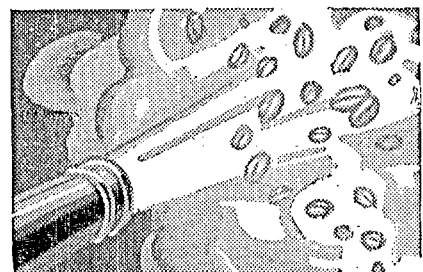


WATCH the family go for these Puffed grains. Bill's a little gentleman, he lets Betty have first share of Puffed Rice. Bert prefers Puffed Wheat, anyway, so they all set to. Mother is delighted to see them enjoy their food so much, for she knows the nourishment these Puffed grains provide and appreciates that they are ready to serve.



SINCE Mother first came in with the familiar Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice packets there's been "no change on the breakfast front." The whole family agree there is nothing like these Puffed foods for a satisfying and delicious breakfast.

It's puffing that makes these rich grains of wheat and rice so delightful to eat, so tasty and crunchy, so completely digestible. Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice in its most delicious form. Puffed Wheat contains the nutriment of the whole wheat grain, "puffed" to an airy crunchiness. No wonder Quaker Puffed grains are so popular, no wonder this ready-to-serve cereal is relished by children and grown-ups alike.



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Children's Newspaper

## THE C.N. AND ITS COMPANION

### A Generous Offer Renewed

Have you qualified yet for the Editor's wonderful gift?

In last week's C.N. it was announced that anyone who could obtain six new regular readers of the C.N. would receive, free of all cost, My Magazine for six months. This remarkable offer is renewed this week, but of course it cannot remain open for long. So you should begin now to interest your friends in the C.N.

On page 15 will be found two forms. Ask your friends to buy this week's paper and fill in the lower form and hand it to a newsagent. Then write out a list of the names and addresses of your six friends, side by side with the name and address of the newsagent from whom each has ordered his copy. Fill in the upper form, attach it to your list, and send them to

C.N. Special Offer,

Fleetway House, London, E.C.4.

Schools are eligible for this scheme. It should be quite easy to find six new C.N. readers in any class, and the copies of My Magazine could be given for use in school. Many schools already use the C.N. and My Magazine for special lessons.

Now please turn to page 15 for the forms.

## THE FALL FROM PROSPERITY

### Astounding Losses in America

We have little idea how enormous have been the losses of American investors recently. Many of the changes are incredible.

If we take some of the finest of the ordinary stocks of American companies we see that the prices have fallen almost to vanishing point.

The New York Central Railway common stock has fallen from 250 dollars in 1929 to 19 dollars.

Then there is the Western Union Telegraph common stock, which has fallen from 222 dollars to 27.

The Aluminium Company common stock has fallen from 529 dollars to 27.

A world-wide name is that of the Westinghouse Electric Company. The common stock of this company has fallen from 292 dollars to 22 dollars.

We can imagine from these instances how the fortunes of once well-to-do Americans have almost vanished.

It is difficult not to believe that these stocks will recover, but how can one picture the loss of confidence which has taken place in so few years? In 1929 the Americans felt their prosperity was assured for ever; now stagnation rules throughout what is the naturally richest industrial territory in the world.

## THE BOTTLE THROWER IN THE CHARABANC

### Terrible Menace of the Road

The Litter Lout's ally, the Bottle Thrower, has added an even more senseless act to his record of stupidity.

On a country road near Nuneham Courtenay in Oxfordshire one of these despicable people threw a bottle from a charabanc. It smashed a windscreen of a motor-coach which was going in the opposite direction, and one of the fragments of broken glass pierced the driver's throat. If it had not been for his presence of mind there might have been a nasty accident; as it was, the driver managed to pull up before he was taken to the hospital.

Great inconvenience was caused to the passengers, who had to wait until a relief driver could be sent from Reading.

## THE REFUGE IN HOPE VALLEY

### How It Began

### A TRAMP'S SAVINGS TO HELP TRAMPS

From a Travelling Correspondent

In Hoffnungsthal (Hope Valley) outside Berlin is an Old Men's Home which owes its existence to a tramp.

Its proudest possession is the last will and testament of its founder, Wilhelm Guebels, framed upon the wall. It is an ordinary piece of letter-paper penned by the shaky hand of an old man who left 1000 marks, the savings of a lifetime of casual labour, to found a refuge for other old men like himself.

Guebels had been going off and on to the Tramp's Shelter at Hoffnungsthal for years, but he knew it was against the rules to stay there permanently. It was only supposed to house itinerant workers between harvests when there was no work to be found. Yet the years crept on, he was over 80, and his old joints became stiffer and stiffer, and he was harassed by the thought that the time would come when he could no longer tramp the roads from farm to farm. And he knew there were others like him.

### A Little Fortune

He talked it over with Pastor Senf, in charge of the shelter and labour colony. "Could not one of the cottages be set aside for men who are too old to work?" Pastor Senf thought it might be possible if there were money and a real need.

The old tramp felt sure about the need; and there was that little fortune he had been saving penny by penny. He willed it all to the colony. That was thirteen years ago. Today the old men who tramp the roads for work, making Hope Valley their refuge between seasons, know that when they can no longer plant fields or gather harvests they can return to the quiet garden spot that has been all they have known of home to spend their last days in peace among their friends.

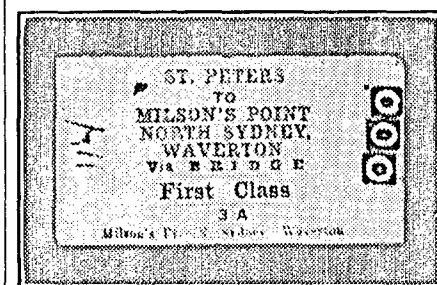
## FIRST ACROSS

### A Ticket For Sydney Bridge

While the talking men have been talking about Charing Cross Bridge the men who get things done have thrown a new bridge across the Thames at Lambeth, and we see that the children were racing to be first to cross.

At the other side of the world the people of Sydney have now grown used to their new bridge, the famous bridge across the finest natural harbour on the sea; and here, too, there was a race to be first across, both on foot and by train.

The Editor of the C.N. has in his hand as he is writing this the first ticket



issued for crossing Sydney Bridge by electric train.

It is the first first-class single ticket, entitling the passenger to go from St Peters to Milson's Point. It was issued to a reader of the C.N., Mr David Colin Coomber, who lives near St Peters Station at Sydney, and he has sent it on to us, thinking it will interest our readers, and that we shall keep it safe, as an interesting possession.

We promise to keep it safe, but we think it ought to be in some Australian museum. The ticket is dated March 22, 1932, and we reproduce the face of it.



## ZOO MYSTERIES

### A LITTLE FAMILY OF LEAF INSECTS

#### The Squirrels That Puzzled Their Keepers

#### WHO OPENED THE DOOR?

By Our Zoo Correspondent

An interesting event at the Zoo is the birth of a family of leaf insects.

The little creatures (there are 17 of them) are on view in a case in the Insect House, but only with difficulty can they be distinguished from their surroundings. Adult leaf insects are winged, and about two and a half inches long. The babies, however, will not grow wings for another couple of months. They are only about half an inch long, their legs are brown, and their curved bodies like a tiny newly-opened leaf; and as they feed on oak leaves and live on a leafy oak twig they are elusive exhibits. Only by watching the twig and noting which parts of the greenery move can they be seen.

#### Big Grasshoppers

Other news from the Insect House is the arrival of a new wood ant's nest from Buckinghamshire and of a number of flightless grasshoppers from Algeria. The grasshoppers are well worth seeing; some of them are a vivid shade of green, and so large that their characteristics are clearly visible.

This section of the menagerie has announced the arrival of summer by installing the model beehive, which is one of the outstanding features of the Insect House during the summer months, for it enables visitors to study these energetic little insects at work.

#### The Bolted Door

An inmate of the Small Mammal House has just given a striking illustration of how ingenious animals can be.

In one of the outdoor cages of this house a great Malayan flying squirrel (a large squirrel with a membrane stretching from his fore to his hind limbs, which enables him to vol-plane from tree to tree) was sharing a den with some agoutis. In the next-door den another flying squirrel was living with some porcupines. The two squirrels were separated because they are valuable animals, and it was feared they might fight. Both are very fine specimens, but ill-tempered; and being nocturnal in their habits a fight between them would naturally have taken place when no keepers were present to interfere. The squirrels, however, could see one another, for these next-door dens are separated only by thick wire netting, and they communicate by means of a small iron door secured by a bolt.

#### The Culprit

One morning the door between the dens was found open, and agoutis and porcupines were strolling about each other's homes. The keeper separated them hastily, and felt relieved to find that each squirrel was asleep in his rightful place. But the next morning the door was open again, so it was fastened with wire in addition to the bolt.

But the door was always open in the morning and the agoutis and the porcupines were running about together, while each squirrel was sleeping peacefully in his own sleeping-box in the den allotted to him.

The culprit was eventually discovered to be the larger of the two great Malayan flying squirrels, who was found not in his own den, but in the neighbouring cage with the other Malayan squirrel.

Apparently the two animals had made friends through the wires, and the more enterprising of them had remembered the door separating them, and had been clever enough to slip the bolt and open the door.

The two squirrels are now living together in contentment.

## THIS KIND WORLD

### The Old Lady's Luck

The other day an old woman was brought before a London magistrate because she had not paid her rent.

She had nothing but the Old Age Pension, and was in dire poverty. Now she was threatened with being turned out into the streets. She dreaded the thought of going to the workhouse. All her life she had worked hard, and kept a little home, and her self-respect. Now she could not make two ends meet.

What a hard world it is!

But in a day or two all her troubles were ended. The magistrate was besieged by people with cheques and postal-orders for the old woman. Someone has promised to pay her rent for the rest of her life, and £100 has been collected for her as well. The poor old lady who lived in terror of being turned out on to the streets is now quite a rich and important person in her own neighbourhood.

What a kind world it is!

#### ATUAGAGDLIUTIT

This fearsome word has a very pleasant meaning: Freely Distributed Reading, and it is the name of the only newspaper in Greenland.

This means that it circulates over a land as big as from the north of Scotland to Africa. It can be given free because it is paid for out of the public funds of the Danish administration of Greenland. Its editor is Mr Kristoffer Lynge, who says he is the first native Greenlander to visit London; and he has come here to see how the greatest newspapers in the world are produced.

Atuagagdlutit is produced at Godthaab, and was first printed in 1860. It comes out once a month, and has a circulation of 3000. Its readers spread far up into the north, within 200 miles of the North Pole. To distribute it sledges with swift dog-teams race over the long, lonely snow trails, and the native canoes, the kyaks, paddle as rapidly as possible down the waterways. Even so, the readers who live farthest from Godthaab only get it three months after publication.

#### OLD PALS IN DISTRESS

By a Friend in the Field

It was stated in Parliament the other day that many of the Army horses sold in Egypt after the Armistice are now in a pitiable condition.

During 1919 and 1924 about 11,000 of these old war horses were sold in Egypt, and unfortunately, it was said, there are no available Army funds with which any of them can be repurchased.

It is sad to think that many of these good old friends have fallen on evil days, and that there is none to give them a helping hand.

Surely they are worthy of an easier old age than appears to be theirs?

#### A PRESENT FOR NEW ZEALAND

A thousand acres enclosing New Zealand's most historic spot have been bought by Lord Bledisloe, the Governor-General, and presented to the nation.

It was here in 1840 that the Maori chiefs and Captain Hobson, who had been sent out by the British Government to make peaceful negotiations with them, signed the Treaty of Waitangi and brought New Zealand into the British Empire.

No more delightful way of showing their appreciation of the friendly kindness of the New Zealanders could have been thought of by Lord and Lady Bledisloe.

The small Norman church at Kemys Inferior, near Newport, is in danger of slipping into the River Usk in consequence of heavy rains.

## VETERANS OF CRICKET

### The Old Brigade Shows the Way

#### FIRST CENTURY OF THE SEASON

King Cricket, at once the most manly and most gentlemanly of all games, is well to the fore again.

Each season brings its changes, older players dropping out of their county sides and younger ones taking their places. One or two famous names will be missed this season, but meanwhile several of our older players have turned out again, still young in spirit if not in years.

It has been one of the most remarkable features of the first few matches that these older players have been setting their juniors a wonderful example. For instance, that fine old Nottinghamshire stalwart, George Gunn, who is a grandfather and will be 53 this month, hit up 67 on the famous ground at Trent Bridge against Sussex as his first contribution of the season.

#### Seven Wickets For 60

Jack Hobbs, two years younger, opened his account with 84 against Worcestershire, and followed this up by scoring 70 not out against Somerset. "Tich" Freeman, Kent's famous googly bowler, skittled the Leicester side out and took seven wickets for sixty runs.

Just a few years younger than Gunn, Hobbs, and Freeman is Percy Holmes of Yorkshire. He shared with Mr Jardine the honour of scoring the first century of the season when he hit up 110 for his county against Oxford University. Like Hobbs, he followed this up in his next innings with 86 against the M.C.C. Ernest Tyldesley, of Lancashire, another of the game's veterans, scored 61 against Worcestershire in his first innings; and, lastly, there is Mr V. W. C. Jupp, of Northants, who helped his side with a fine innings of 74 against Glamorgan.

#### Young Player's Big Score

While the older players have been doing these big things there has been only one notable contribution by the really young players. Keeton, of Nottinghamshire, who is playing in his second season only of first-class cricket, helped his side to amass the big score of 491 for eight wickets against Sussex by scoring a bright 142.

Truly, therefore, the honours go to the older brigade so far. It remains to be seen if they can keep up this early promise, and so delay their departure from this glorious game as long as possible.

#### ONE OF THE BEARERS OF BURDENS

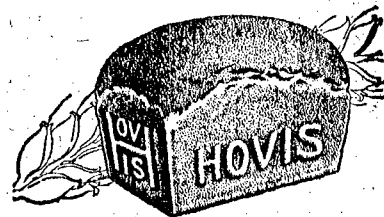
#### Another Hero of Peace

In Dr Harold Seidelin, who passed away at Antwerp, the world loses one of the modest unflinching bearers of the White Man's Burden.

His share of the burden was to devote thirty years of his comparatively short life to the study of those tropical diseases which take so heavy a toll of life and health of men who live and work in Africa, or anywhere near the Equator. First of his studies was that of yellow fever in Yucatan.

The last of his work, which was never finished because he died in harness, was the organisation of the medical service in the Belgian Congo of the Belgian Oil Company.

This was one of the Lever companies, and it was characteristic of Harold Seidelin that in his unceasing scientific researches he should have placed his skill and knowledge at the service of no one country, but of all who labour in the dark places of Africa. During his career he saw a progressive lessening of the loss of life from yellow fever and other tropical diseases, and in the truest sense he was one of the benefactors of the race.



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#### JACK HOBBS—

the only cricketer who has ever scored 185 centuries in first-class cricket, says he is going to retire at the end of the present season. To be up to date you want to know all about him! The first of a series of chats concerning his wonderful career appears in this week's issue of

## The MODERN BOY

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# THE SILVER BUTTON

## CHAPTER 17 The Iron Shutter

"Is it impossible to open the door?" whispered Jim.

"It seems so to me," returned Timothy. "Try it yourself, if you like."

Jim squeezed past his friend and tried the door in his turn, equally without success. "How do you suppose it happened?" he whispered.

"Number Eight and Number Five must have seen the door move," returned Timothy in a discouraged tone. "One of them came down and removed the necktie that held it from snapping to. They're probably telling Number One at this moment that they have us trapped."

"I wonder if they know there are two of us in here," mused Jim. "Our strength so far has been that I've been able to be in two places at once, so to speak. I'd never have got away from Number Eight if they hadn't mistaken you for me, and so thrown us together."

"Number Five must guess by now that he imprisoned the wrong person," said Timothy. "I don't see why he should want to keep the knowledge to himself. It might prove to be his only way to escape Number One's vengeance."

"Anyway, they will catch us both together unless we can contrive to escape from this trap," remarked Jim. "Let's try the door again."

"I wish we could let your father know that we mean to help him some way, and that he is not to despair," said Timothy.

"Father won't despair," said Jim confidently.

"I didn't mean that. I could see he has plenty of courage," said Timothy. "But Number One was in a towering rage when he left him the last time. He said something about cutting off his supply of air, no doubt as a way of forcing him to confess."

"That's bad news," said Jim seriously, "because, don't you see, it means that our hope of having the shutter opened automatically is gone. I thought that even if we found it impossible to open the door at this end of the tunnel we could at least wait here until the shutter was opened and slip into the room where Father is imprisoned. We'd be in the Society's hands, but there'd be three of us to fight."

"Of course Number One may not do what he threatened," said Timothy. "In that case your idea is a sound one—if it comes to the worst. Still, as there are two of us, I'd rather one of us were inside helping your father to escape, while the other was outside the house watching his chance to go to the police."

"We should have gone earlier, when we had the chance," remarked Jim.

"To tell the truth, in the excitement of giving our followers the slip I never thought of it," confessed Timothy. "Besides I was curious to learn what it was all about."

"Well, you know all about it now, except where the plans are hidden," said Jim. "I'd tell you that, too, Tim, for I trust you absolutely, but it seems to me safer, in case you are caught, to leave you able to say honestly that you have no idea where they are."

"I couldn't quite say that," said Timothy, grinning to himself in the darkness as he remembered a certain turn of the conversation between Mr Norton and the president. "But I could honestly say I don't know exactly where they are. It would be all the truer if you had disappeared meanwhile."

Jim also grinned to himself, but he said only: "Then that's that. Now for that door. Come on, Tim."

The two boys crawled silently down the tunnel to the closed door at the end.

"You try one side while I try the other," directed Timothy. "We'll press at all points, just as we did on the outside. There must be some way of opening the door from the inside."

For a long while there was no sound in the darkness but the brushing movements of the boys' hands as they pressed inch by inch along the uneven brickwork.

"You know, I regret that iron shutter," said Timothy finally, as he worked. "I feel more and more certain that the way to get your father to safety is for one of us to get inside the house with him, while the other is outside, ready to take any chance he gets to go to the police."

"Risky business going to the police so long as they've got Father in their power," responded Jim. "I wouldn't put anything past them. If they got wind of our going to the police they might silence him once for all. Jove, Tim! I believe something gave under my hand!"

## Serial Story by John Halden

"Don't lose it," whispered his friend, with equal excitement. "Press hard."

A faint click came to the eagerly listening ears of the boys. Timothy pressed the door slightly. It gave.

"Now we can get out!" whispered Timothy triumphantly.

"Careful!" warned Jim. "Someone may be watching on the outside. Look here, Tim. We'd better leave this place separately. Then if one is caught there will still be the other."

"Right!" agreed Timothy. "You go first. But let's decide on a meeting-place where we can talk over what is to be done next."

"As we came in last night," said Jim. "I noticed a little alley opening off the street just beyond the opening to African Court. Shall we meet there?"

"A bit close to the centre of operations, isn't it?" demurred Timothy.

"All the better for that," said Jim. "If we are seen and followed distance will be no object to our pursuers. And being near here has its advantages."

"Right!" said Timothy as his friend prepared to leave by the little door. "And good luck, old man."

## CHAPTER 18 Blind Alley

TIMOTHY, left alone in the darkness of the tunnel, listened breathlessly at the crack in the door for any sound that might indicate that his friend had been captured. He heard nothing sinister, however, and, having listened to the last sounds of Jim's thick-soled country shoes across the stones of the courtyard, settled back to wait a while before leaving the tunnel himself.

He could not know that a curtain in an upstairs window had been withdrawn, and that the amused and purposeful face of Number One had looked down for a moment at the rather thin figure of Jim Norton, the inventor's son, as he walked, apparently free, out of the courtyard. Having watched him go Number One turned to an uncomfortable-looking man behind him.

"There you are, you imbecile," he said. "Go, follow him. And if you let him

escape you again you will answer to me for it. This time there will be no mercy for your stupidity."

The man cringed and left the apartment.

Timothy, who had been just about to open the door into the area, shrank back into the darkness a few moments later as he heard steps descending from the main door of the house. He longed to peep out to see who it might be, but the area was in full view of that door, and he dared not risk detection. A few minutes later, however, his impatience to be gone got the better of him, and he resolutely pushed open the little door and left the tunnel, closing the door carefully behind him.

This time, for even the great are sometimes caught napping, there was no dark face at the upper window to see him cross the courtyard. Number One was busy giving certain directions to two of his henchmen in a back room of the house.

Timothy, with such nonchalance as he could muster, strolled to the alley where he hoped Jim would be waiting for him. It proved to be a blind alley, and there was Jim standing at the farther end of it, apparently absorbed in gazing at some wholesale stationer's supplies displayed in a window.

As Timothy went through the narrow entrance, however, he noted two men lounging on either side of it. They glanced at Timothy keenly, then seemed to ignore him. Timothy glanced at them as keenly, but he had never seen them before, and he decided they could not know him by sight.

He strolled up to the window into which his friend was looking, but kept at a little distance. Jim started slightly on recognising him, but gave no further sign.

"They've got you in sight from the entrance," murmured Timothy, throwing his voice from the side of his mouth. "This is a blind alley, but there may be a way out through the building. Get into the building if you can. I'll meet you there."

Jim gave the barest nod to show he understood and Timothy, shrugging his shoulders as if he did not think much of the window display, went up the steps into the warehouse. From the corner of his eyes he saw his friend glance cautiously to left and right. Some delivery men were unloading fresh supplies of paper from a push cart down a chute into the basement of the building. The chute was not far to Jim's right.

## JACKO CAUGHT

JACKO's mother did not like him to borrow money, even if it was only from the family. "You have your pocket-money," she told him. "What you can't afford to buy you must learn to do without."

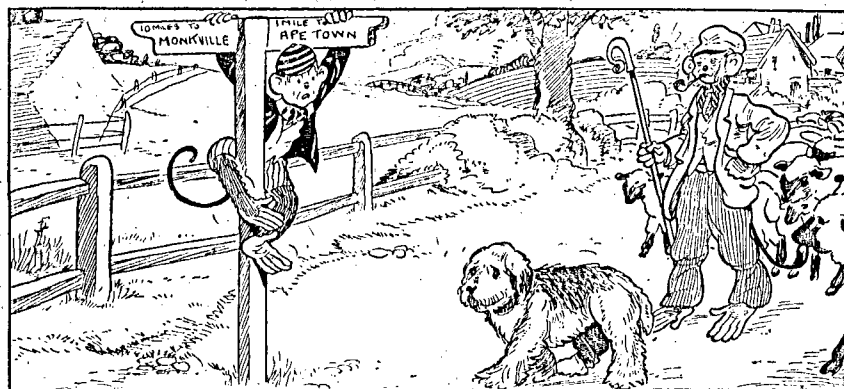
"But it's for something very special," groaned Jacko. "A circus; a first-class travelling circus, with an elephant and a

Mother Jacko looked up quickly.

Jacko knew what was in her mind. "It wasn't me," he declared: "I'd be too scared." Which was perfectly true.

He was strolling along the lane that led to the field that evening when he heard a patter-pattering behind him.

He turned sharply—and caught sight of a shaggy form on four legs.



"But I saw him!" insisted Jacko

performing bear. You can't expect me to miss that," and he looked so injured that his mother smiled.

"Well, well!" she agreed; "that does seem a special occasion," and she opened her purse and took out sixpence for his ticket.

Jacko took it and ran off, highly delighted; and for some days he could talk of nothing else but the grand circus in Father Chimp's meadow.

One morning he brought back exciting news. The performing bear had escaped and could not be found!

"They can't think how he got out of his cage," Jacko said, "unless someone's been fiddling about with the door."

Jacko's heart began to thump. "The bear!" he murmured—and took to his heels.

At the cross-roads was a signpost; Jacko was up it in a flash.

He was so frightened it was a minute before he dared to look down.

When he did he saw nothing more terrifying than an old shepherd with a flock of sheep trailing behind him.

"The bear!" gasped Jacko.

"Nay, lad!" said the shepherd with a grin. "They've caught the bear."

"But I saw him!" insisted Jacko.

"Not you," said the shepherd. "What you saw was my dog Nellie, and she wouldn't hurt a fly."

Seizing a moment when the two men were engaged in lifting together a heavy bale of paper, Jim stepped suddenly on to the chute, and, doubling himself up, slid down it into the basement. Timothy, without a sign that he had seen, went on into the ground floor of the building. He knew he must get to the basement somehow.

Behind him there was a sudden commotion. The watchers at the end of the alley had run up and were attempting to follow Jim down to the basement, taking the same way that he had gone. The two delivery men had seized one each, and were determined to restrain them.

"Don't you see that sign?" expostulated one of the delivery men, holding tightly to the collar of his struggling captive. He indicated a sign above the basement: "Goods entrance only."

"What do you think you are," said the other delivery man, "a parcel of paper?"

"We've got business here," shouted the captive.

"Then go in by the proper door," said the other good-naturedly. "Don't look right, you trying to slide down the chute."

"I tell you a boy has just gone in that way. You'd better catch him," said the man angrily.

"All right, all right," returned the delivery man. "They'll stop him down below. And if you've any complaints to make make them at the office."

"Besides," said the other delivery man, who had released his captive and was watching him warily lest he made a second attempt, "I never saw any boy go down that chute. What would he want to do that for?"

This was just what the men who were trailing Jim could not explain.

"Come on, Peters," cried one of them. "We're wasting time here. We'll have to go through the ordinary door. Where is it?" he added, glancing furiously at the men who had delayed him.

"First to the right on the ground floor," returned that worthy, going back stolidly to unload the rest of his bales.

Jim, meanwhile, was having his troubles in the basement. The two men who were checking the deliveries at the bottom of the chute gasped as a boy came rolling down upon them, but they recovered and made a grab for him as soon as they saw what had happened.

Jim had no time for explanations. He evaded the hands that snatched at his collar, and ran behind some piles of merchandise. Luckily for him there were many such piles scattered about the basement. As it was only a boy whom they suspected of some mischievous prank the checkers did not give a serious alarm, but, shouting to the delivery men to stop sending down packages for a moment, they gave chase.

Jim ducked from one pile to another, trying to reach a door at the farther end of the basement. It might or might not lead to safety, but it was the only exit he could see except a short flight of stairs that led up to the ground floor.

On the top of this flight of stairs appeared a welcome figure. It was Timothy, who, having trumped up some kind of excuse to speak to the men checking deliveries in the basement, had been allowed to go down.

Timothy took in the situation at a glance. He saw also that Jim was trying to get to a door that opened just under the stairs. He knew blocks of buildings sometimes had a common basement, connected by short corridors. He ran down the stairs, and putting himself in the way of one of the men who was just about to grasp Jim's collar tripped him up.

The man fell across a heap of paper, and took a moment to rise, blustering, to his feet. "Two of you, are there?" he said. "It's a proper frame-up. Jack! Get the manager down. These boys are up to something!"

Timothy grinned agreement as he slipped in the wake of his friend through the door under the stairs. The boys were indeed up to something, but there was no need to call the manager. They were not up to anything in connection with the wholesale stationery business.

Beyond the door was, as Timothy had hoped, a long corridor leading to the basement of the next building. The farther door was ajar, and, as they went through it, Timothy was pleased to see a large key in the lock. He shut the door behind him and turned the key.

The two grinned at each other as they stood a moment getting their breath.

"They'll be at this door in a second," remarked Timothy, indicating the commotion in the corridor behind them. "We had better be getting along."

"Where to?" said Jim.

Timothy stared at him blankly. He really did not know.

TO BE CONTINUED



June 4, 1932

## The Children's Newspaper

15

## THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER.

## THE "PALESTINE PACKET"

10 Stamps from PALESTINE (all different), including Rachael's Tomb, Citadel, Mosque of Omar, and overprints. As an advertisement this interesting packet is offered for the nominal price of 3d. post free to all applicants for Approvals addressed to—Dept. No. 188

**Errington & Martin,**  
SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, E.9. Established 1880.

## The Turk Packet FREE

All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

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(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Road, East Finchley, N.2.

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Including old and recent issues. Every stamp a perfect picture in itself. Leopards, natives, jungle scenes, etc. You must get them. I will send this collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage, abroad, 6d. p.o. Only one gift to each applicant.

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**STAMP ALBUM FREE.** Start Stamp Collecting Now! The King of Hobbies. The Hobby of Kings. The Matlock Album is an Ideal Album for a Beginner. It is a valuable Duplicate Book for more advanced collectors. It is bound in stiff coloured pictorial cover. It contains 100 pages with countless illustrations. It has room for stamps of every country. It is fully titled and has complete index. It is the Greatest Offer ever made to Collectors. It is Free. Just send a 4d. stamp to cover cost of post and packing. Ask for Approvals. Write to-day: **Victor Baneroff** (The Gift House), Matlock, Eng.

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Everything for the Stamp Collector, including:—  
**DUPLICATE STAMP ALBUM.**  
**FINE PAIR MONTENEGRO.**  
**OVER 60 DIFFERENT STAMPS.**  
**POCKET CASE AND PENALTY.**  
**PACKET OF STAMP MOUNTS.**  
Egypt (1888), Australasians, America surcharged issues. The beautiful Montenegro depicts the Royal Mausoleum near Cetinje. This parcel absolutely free. Just send 2d. postage and request Approvals.

**LISHURN & TOWNSEND (C.N.), LIVERPOOL.**

**10 ANIMALS, 10 BIRDS, 10 SHIPS,**  
**5 MAPS, 25 DIFFERENT STAMPS.**

60 diff. stamps, incl. Kangaroos, Lions, Tigers, Yaks, Panthers, Oxen, Pagoda, Swans, Turuls (Mythical Birds), Sailing Ships, Junks, Native Boats, Dhows, etc., from Reunion, China, F.M.S., Schleswig, Cameroons, Wallis Is., Gabon, Mid Congo, Mauritania, Free W. Australia, Ivory Coast, Caledonia, Cuba (Map), etc. Also 25 diff. Mint Stamps. ALL FREE! Enclose 2d. postage, requesting approvals.—  
**SHOWELL BROS. (C.N.G.), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.**

## 1000 PACKET 4 1d.

500 excellently mixed stamps, complete sheet of 100 Postage unused, 12-page booklet for duplicates, 21d. extra. 25 British Colonials, 375 Strip Mounts (three times as quick as the old-fashioned single ones), also my fine illustrated list. Senders of stamp-collecting friends' addresses receive free set. Ask to see my cheap approval sheets.

**WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET.**

## 300 Stamps for 6d.

(Abroad 1/-), including Airpost, Barbados, Old India, Nigeria, New South Wales, Gold Coast, etc.

**W. A. WHITE**

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## "HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food and Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by

**LEWIS R. BURTT, Secretary, HOXTON MARKET CHRISTIAN MISSION, Hoxton Market, LONDON, N.1.**  
President—**WALTER SCOLES, Esq.**

**KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6,**  
3 lb. 9/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. Colours from 2/11 lb. post free. **PURE WOOL SERGES** from 2/8 yd. Reliable Tweeds, Cottons, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure. **PURE WOOL BROWN BLANKETS 5/11½** each—three post free.

**ABOUT 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.**

**EGERTON BURNETT'S, N.C. DEPT.** **WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.**

**Young People** love Sardines and they are good for them too. Those they choose are the

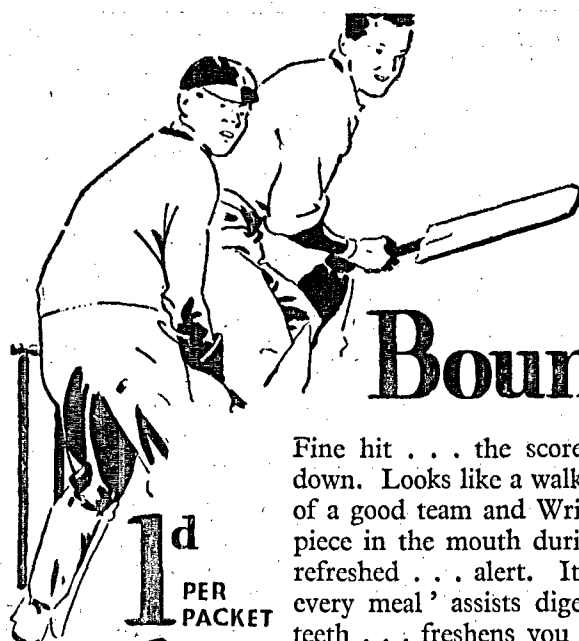
## MARIE ELISABETH REAL SARDINES

**GOOD?** Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing. They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

## 16,000 East End Children

will have a long glorious day by the sea, or in the country, this summer. Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give 12 hours' happiness at 2d. an hour to children of poverty from slum homes of East London's Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to—**THE SUPERINTENDENT, EAST END MISSION**

Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.



## Boundary!

Fine hit . . . the score is now 130 for three down. Looks like a walk-over. That's the value of a good team and Wrigley's for the team. A piece in the mouth during the game keeps you refreshed . . . alert. Its cooling flavour 'after every meal' assists digestion . . . cleanses the teeth . . . freshens you up.

In two flavours—P.K., pure double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, worth many times more for the good it does you.

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

**WRIGLEY'S**  
MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM

E.M.49

A Fascinating  
Magazine for  
Boys and Girls

## LITTLE FOLKS

At all Newsagents

Monthly 1/-

## C.N. &amp; ITS MONTHLY COMPANION

## Special Offer to Readers

On page 12 particulars are given of an offer to C.N. readers who obtain new subscribers for the paper. Read the details carefully and then make use of these forms.

## C.N. SPECIAL OFFER

I hereby declare that I have obtained the six new readers on the attached list, each of whom has handed to the newsagent named the order form published in the C.N.

Please send to me, free of all cost, My Magazine for six months.

Signature

Address

Cut this out and post it to the address given below

## Children's Newspaper Order Form

To.....Newsagent

Please deliver the C.N. for the next seven weeks to

Name  
and  
Address

Date.....

New readers cut this out and hand it to a newsagent

When filled in the top form should be posted, together with a list of names and addresses of new readers and the newsagents from whom they have ordered the C.N., to C.N. Special Offer, Fleetway House, London, E.C.4.



## She has never given a moment's worry

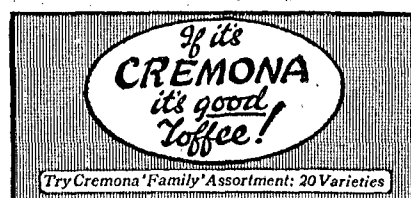
There's peace of mind for mothers as well as health for children in the antiseptic Lifebuoy lather. "Antiseptic"—that word is an assurance that Mary can go safely on her harum-scarum way. For Lifebuoy is more than a match for the germs she picks up in the course of the day. You ought to see her when she comes home from school, and you'll know why mother is strict about using Lifebuoy!

## LIFEBUOY

is more than a good soap  
—it's a good habit

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

L 560-274-55





The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 4, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

## THE BRAN TUB

### Forgetful Travellers

At a certain railway lost property office a hundred more forgotten articles were handed in during May than during April, and the daily average for May was three higher than in the previous month. How many objects were lost in April? *Answer next week*

### Ici On Parle Français



Le phare Le lion La feuille

Le phare sert à guider les marins. Le rugissement du lion fait peur. Les feuilles tombent en automne.

### Long Ago

**Ice.** The custom of taking cooling iced foods and drinks during hot summer weather has existed in England for just over a century. Nowadays, of course, the ice is made artificially, but in 1822, when the idea of iced drinks was first thought of, this was not possible, and an enterprising shipping merchant arranged to import a cargo of ice from Norway.

The Thames Customs officers were puzzled by this novelty, and for some time could not decide how to classify it for duty. When they at last decided to class it with "dry goods" the whole cargo of 300 tons had melted.

### What Animal Is This?

In the coast but not in the shore, In the crest but not in the plume, In the dark but not in the gloom, In the chain but not in the link, In the draught but not in the drink, In the hill but not in the mound, In South-West Asia it is found. *Answer next week*

### For Stained Hands

When working in the garden or doing anything to a bicycle or a car the hands often get very stained. Here is a way of making an excellent cleaner.

Collect a number of small scraps of soap, moisten each piece well, and roll them in silver sand. Press all the sanded bits of soap together into one cake, and use this when the hands are much stained or soiled.

### What Am I?

I'm cold as ice, yet can't be heated; My name's well known and oft repeated;

I'm pure as dew in April morning; I rest on hills, their tops adorning; Should you but only once endeavour

To handle me, I'm gone for ever. *Answer next week*

### The Spotted Flycatcher

ONE of our summer visitors, the Spotted Flycatcher, is now laying its eggs. The nest is frequently built in gardens, and little attempt is made to conceal it. The birds seem to ignore passers-by or people in the neighbourhood. Spotted Flycatchers may often be seen in orchards, darting through the air in pursuit of insects.

### A Riddle and Its Answer

WHAT plants seem in a hurry and yet stay in one place? You'd think that they were going along at such a pace! You'll see them by the river, as I have often done; What are these plants? Why, rushes, although they never run!

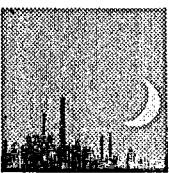
### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns: The four weeks up to May 7, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1932	BIRTHS 1931	DEATHS 1932	DEATHS 1931
London	5568	5653	4118	3892
Glasgow	1912	1856	1254	1232
Liverpool	1522	1585	894	883
Birmingham	1404	1486	821	907
Belfast	764	858	469	485
Edinburgh	555	622	454	450
Newcastle	504	496	269	274
Cardiff	308	331	209	211
Luton	100	92	42	51
Gloucester	79	72	46	62
Cambridge	74	65	53	49
Bath	69	64	81	77

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East, and Mars is in the East. In the evening Jupiter and Venus are in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Wednesday, June 8.



### Puzzle Arithmetic

ARRANGE the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0 in such a way that they will add up to 100.

*Answer next week*

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**A Journey By Car.** To drive 15 miles (one twelfth of 180) Smith takes 2½ minutes longer than Jones, and 1 minute longer than Jones takes for 16 miles. Therefore Jones does the extra mile in 1½ minutes, or 180 in 4½ hours. Smith takes 5 hours.

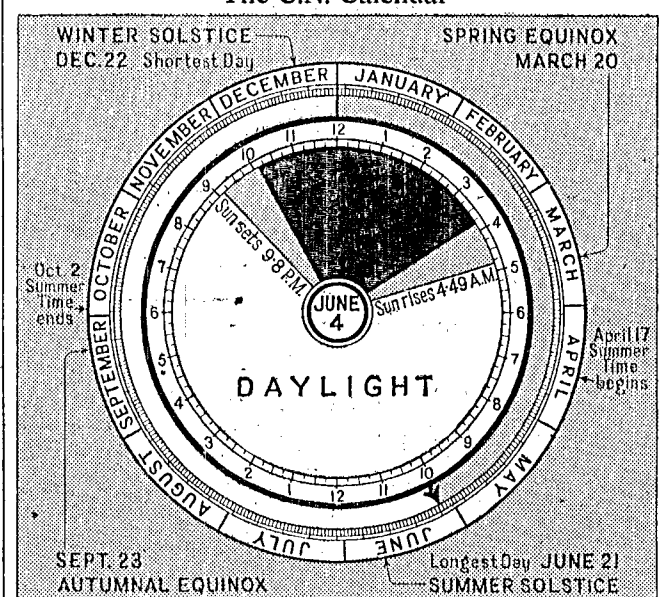
**Find the Words.** Sward, sword, sworn, scorn, score, scope—drawn. Giles Buys Poultry. Duck 3s 3d. Hen 2s 9d.

### A Puzzle Name. Milton.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

OPINION	INTERLATE
DOWN	FAILED
TEETH	INK
ERA	AILS
RA	ONT
SEND	ARE
DEN	LAP
ODD	MENT
LI	NNETS

### The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 4. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Prepared

**BLACK:** They tell me the Browns are learning German. What's the idea?

**White:** Oh, they have adopted a German baby and they want to know what she says when she begins to talk.

### Giving Him a Chance

**MR SMITH:** I was surprised to see your little boy driving the car.

**Mr Robinson:** Yes; he's not yet old enough to be trusted as a pedestrian!

### Ices



I WONDER why four penny ices Are better than fourpenny ices? Well, my best advice is To buy penny ices— They're ices whatever the price is.

### Put Out

THE commercial traveller had called at an awkward time. "Good morning, Mr Jones," he said cheerily.

"Ah, you are a good fellow," said the business man. "You would put yourself out for me, wouldn't you?"

"Most certainly," said the traveller, with visions of a big order.

"Then kindly close the door as you go."

### A Man of Means

**MR SMITH:** I hear that your neighbour who moved in last autumn is a man of means.

**Mr Smythe:** Yes, he's that all right. Judging by what he says he means to do this and he means to do that, yet he never gets anything done.

### Trouble Brewing

HE was reporting the loss of an umbrella during a train journey.

"And what was its handle like?" asked the clerk.

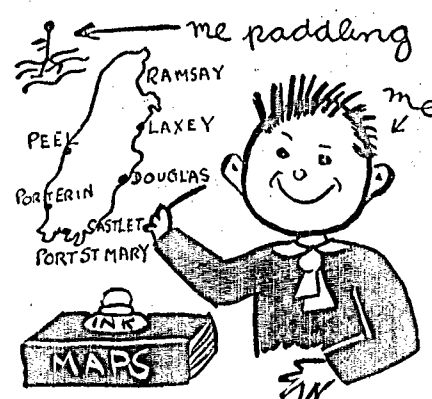
"I really couldn't say," he replied. "I only borrowed it yesterday."

## A CLEVER HOAX

the string, opened the box and gave a yell, for the first thing we saw was a grey beard! Then he took out a pair of wax eyes on wire, a mouth showing teeth and tongue, a nose, a beard, and some grey hair, with a paper of instructions showing how to clench the hand and place these things in position to look like an old man's head.

"What a horrible fraud!"

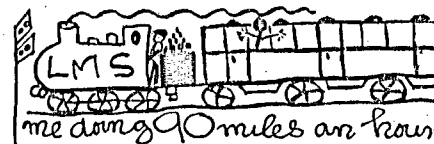
"It was; but in a way all the advertisement said was true. If you prick your fingers they will bleed, and they are naturally inseparable from their owners. It was also true that Professor Huxley had two very fine specimens and could date them from the Garden of Eden. So we couldn't grumble!"



I've got to write an essay on "THE ISLE OF MAN." That'll be easy when I've finished the map, because I've been there and hope to go again this August!

### MY ESSAY

The Isle of Man is famous for its scenery and also its cats which have no tails, so you cannot tell whether they are pleased or angry until they bite. Its chief imports are very tired and weary visitors (like me and dad) and its chief exports are very healthy and happy ones, after spending a week or fortnight there (also like me and dad). We went in a very fast London, Midland and Scottish express from Euston. It was ever such a posh one, and what a feed we had on the train! We sat in the Dining Car and I watched the waiters hurrying along with loaded trays and not one fell over which was rather clever of them, but a bit of a shame. At Liverpool we caught a steamer to Douglas and I wasn't sick, nor was dad, nor was anyone.

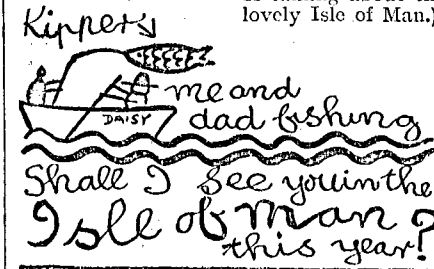


The Island is only 33 miles long and 12 miles broad, so you can get anywhere and back in a day. Dad and me climbed Snafell which is 2,000 feet high. It is the highest point on the island and also the very centre of the British Isles. We climbed lots of other hills, too, but they are not a bit dangerous. There's no snow on them and you don't have to be roped to a guide or wear an Alpine outfit or anything exciting.

You can have such fun in the Isle of Man. There's boating, swimming, fishing, tennis, nine golf courses (my dad's tried them all), lovely sands, walks, theatres, cinemas and concerts. Douglas is the capital and full of life and fun, but if you like a quiet time (I don't) there is always Port Erin and Port St. Mary.

Peel Castle and Rushen Castle are very thrilling with their dungeons, moats and things. The guide told us that Robert Bruce stormed Rushen Castle in 1313. I don't know if that was before he got friendly with the spider or not. Then Queen Elizabeth came along and presented a clock with only three wheels to this castle. It still goes (the clock not the castle). Doctor Farrar, who wrote "Eric, or Little by Little" was at School in Man, but judging by what other fellows think about that book it isn't really much to boast about. Fenella Tower on the seaward side of Peel Castle is mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Peveril of the Peak."

Dad and me went fishing one day at Peel but nobody believes we caught such big fish as we did. (I don't think I'll write any more as dad says he's tired after thinking all this lot out, but he's never really tired of talking about the lovely Isle of Man.)



Queen Elizabeth presented a clock

## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

AUNT DORCAS looked at her nephew and niece with amusement and sympathy. They were disconsolate because after spending all their pocket money on two tortoisés—described by the street vendor who sold them as affectionate pets—the creatures had at once disappeared and could not be found.

"Cheer up!" she said. "I expect they'll come back after a few months sleep, and you won't have the disappointment I had over my Manx Manikin."

"What on earth is that?"

"That's what your Uncle Jim and I wanted to know when we were very young and innocent and read a most thrilling advertisement. I think I can remember it."

Aunt Dorcas thought a moment and then said:

"Mysterious Manx Manikins. Living heads without bodies! Absolutely real flesh and blood! Great scientific men have decided that these mysterious freaks of nature are really alive, for if pricked they bleed and suffer pain. Their intelligence is marvellous, and in appearance they vary considerably. Some are old and wizened, while others have lovely white skins and are really beautiful. They make affectionate pets and become inseparably attached to their owners; in fact, ladies in the Isle of Man carry them about wherever they go. Professor Huxley (who has two very fine specimens) dates their

origin from the Garden of Eden. They cause delight to old and young alike. Price one and fourpence."

"Oh, Aunt Dorcas, do tell us what you did!"

"We had only one and fourpence in the world, and our mother thought it ridiculous to spend it on 'a living head,' but we begged so hard that she at last consented.

"We rushed out and bought a postal order and posted it, full of faith, for we thought that an island that grew tailless cats could easily produce pet manikins without bodies, and breathlessly we awaited its arrival."

"And what happened?"

"After three days a little cardboard-box pierced with holes arrived. Uncle Jim cut